

# HONORIA AND MAMMON.

---

WRITTEN  
By JAMES SHIRLEY.

---

*Auri sacra fames quid non Mortalia cogit  
Pectora ?*

*-----Et immensum Gloria calcar habet.*

---

LONDON,

Printed by T. W. for John Crook, at the sign of the ship  
in S. Pauls Church-yard.

# HONORIA AND MAMMON.

---

WRITTEN  
BY JAMES SHIRLEY.

---

Printed by James Shirley, at the sign of the Ship  
in St. Paul's Church-yard.

---

LONDON,  
Printed by T. W. for John Green, at the sign of the Ship  
in St. Paul's Church-yard.

TO THE  
CANDID READER.



Small part of this Subject, many years since had drop'd from my pen : But looking at some opportunities upon the Argument, I thought some things more considerable might be deduced ; and applying my self further, at times of recess, I felt it grow and multiply under my imagination : Nor left I it then (the matter being so pregnant in it self) till I form'd it into such limbs and proportions as you now see it. Modesty alter this, invited me to cover it, and to cut off many impertinences, and purge some humour, that late, I confess, un- handsomely upon it.

## To the Reader.

What is now presented, I hope will appear a genuine and unforc'd Moral, which though dress'd in Drammatique Ornament, may not displease, in the reading, persons of ingenuity, such whose nature is not to create prejudice, where they intend a recreation. And in the confidence of that, I do not repent the superstructures I have made, my pains, nor expences that have attended to bring it to this. It is now publique to satisfy the importunity of friends, I will onely adde, it is like to be the last, for in my resolve, nothing of this nature shall after this, engage either my pen or invention.

The reason why I make no particular Dedication to any Friend, is, because I aim my general respect to all, whose favours and civilities have oblig'd me. At this none will be offended, where



## To the Reader.

none hath the precedence : And to conclude with the most serious truth, I know not any, that love me so little, whom the payment of my so mean addresses would satisfie, as to clear me up on the account of his friendship. Let this suffice at present from him, that is

*Your Servant,*

**JAMES SHIRLEY.**

## Persons.

*Conquest* a Colonel, } Lovers of *Lad*  
*Alworth* a Scholar, } *Honor*a.  
*Alamode* a Courtier, }  
*Fulbank* a Citizen, } Sutors to *Lad*  
*Maslin* a Countreyman, } *Mammon*.  
*Travers* a Lawyer, servant to *Mammon*  
and *Honor*a.  
*Squanderbag*.  
*Phantasm*, Gentleman-usher to *La. Man*  
*Dash* the Lawyers Clark.  
A Captain.  
A Serjeant.  
Souldiers.  
Countreymen.

---

*Honor*a.

*Mammon*.

---

*Scene*

*Metropolis*

Lad

Lad

n.

mmo

Man

# H O N O R I A

AND

# MAMMON

## ACT. I.

Enter *Alworth* and *Phantasm*.

*Alw.*

I S not far off, 'He aske this Gentleman?  
Can you instruct me, sir, where the great  
Lady *Aurelia Mammon* lives?

*Pha.* Yes sir, I can.

*Alw.* Pray do me the civility?

*Pha.* Have you

Affaires with her, my friend in black?

*Alw.* Have you  
Relation to the Lady, Sir?

B

*Pha.*

*Pha.* She owes me  
A Gentleman-usher, with your pardon Sir,  
Are not you inclining to a Scholar?

*Alw.* I have spent time i'th Academy.

*Pha.* The Academy?

Another beggar,  
I did think so by your serious face, your habit  
Had almost cosened me, and your hair, they are  
Of the more Court edition, this is  
A beggar of the upper forme of Learning,  
Your business with my Lady,

*Alw.* If you please  
To prepare my access---

*Pha.* 'Tis to no purpose,  
My Lady keeps no Library, no food  
For booke-worms, I can assure you that.  
Learning is dangerous in our Family,  
She wo't keep a Secretary for fear  
Of the infection.

*Alw.* Does she keep no foole?

*Pha.* Yes, yes, and knaves;

*Alw.* I thought so,

In which classe is your name, I beseech you?

*Pha.* We enjoy equal priviledges, indeed the knave  
Makes somewhat more on's office, but my Lady  
Is not so nice, so we can bring Certificates  
That we are sound, and free from the infection  
Of book's, or can lay down our understandings,  
And part with that unnecessary stuffing  
I'th head, ( you know my meaning ) or renounce  
The impious use of humane art and knowledge,  
We are in a capacity of imployment;  
Perhaps you may, on these terms be admitted

With

*Honoriam and Mammon.*

With your Philosophy, and things about you,  
To keep her horse, de'e observe?

*Alw.* A faire preferment!

*Pha.* The fittest here for men of art, or if  
You can keep counsell and negotiate handsomely  
The amorous affair of flesh and blood;  
(There you may exercise your parts of Rhetorique.)  
How lies your learning that way? 'tis an office  
Many grave persons have submitted to,  
And found it a smoothe path to court preferment,  
But she is here, I'll leave you to your fortune.

*Enter Aurelia Mammon.*

*Mam.* With me, your business?

*Alw.* The Lady *Honoriam*, Madam, by me humbly  
Presents her service, and this paper to  
Your Ladyship.

*Mam.* The Lady *Honoriam*? 'tis  
Some borrowing letter.

*Alw.* This is not civill.

*Mam.* I am so haunted with this mendicant  
Nobility at every ebbe of fortune,  
I must be troubled with Epistles from e'm.  
What's here? ----- you are a Scholar.

*Alw.* I have studied the artes,

*Mam.* Your Lady writes as much, and would  
commend you  
To my imployment, but I want no Chaplain.

*Alw.* If you did, I cannot flatter, Madam.

*Mam.* I have known wiser men converted by  
Preferment.

*Alw.* They were things that had no Soules,

*Honorio and Mammon,*

Or use of that bright Entelechia  
Which separates them from beasts.

*Mam.* I did expect

Hard words, and do commend the pure discretion  
Of your most learned tribe, that think themselves  
Brave fellows, when they talk Greeke to a Lady;  
Next to the *Goth* and *Vandall*, you shall carry  
The bable from Mankind, pray tell your Lady,  
Learning is out of fashion in my Family,

*Alw.* Why should you be an Enemy to Arts?  
The Lamps we wast, and watches, that consume  
Our strength in noble studies, are ill paid  
With this disdain, your smile would make us happy,  
And with your golden beame strike new day  
Through learnings universe.

*Mam.* You but loose your time,  
I know you are writing some prodigious volume  
In praise of hunger, and immortall beggery.  
This may in time advance you to a Pedant,  
To whip the Town-top's, or gelded Vicaridge,  
Some forty Markes *per annum*, and a Chamber-na  
Commended by your Patron.

*Alw.* Y<sup>e</sup> are not worth  
My anger, I should else ----

*Mam.* What my sweet Sarye?

*Alw.* Present your Ladyship with a glasse, a tru  
one,

Should turne you wild to see your owne deformity.

*Mam.* I pretheeraile, now for a storme ----

*Alw.* I wo<sup>t</sup> not loose my temper on such a trifle  
Exit

Enter

*Enter Fulbanke and Maslin.*

*Mam.* But here are two come timely, to disperse  
All clowdy thoughts, my diligent daily waiters.

*Ful.* Now Poetry be my speed! my noblest mistress!

*Mam.* What have you there, dear Mr. *Fulbanke*?

*Ful.* Lines, that are prou'd to express your beauty!  
Madam.

*Mam.* Bless me! turn'd Poet? I must tell you  
Servant,

Nothing in nature is more killing to me.

*Ful.* Umh! I see my Lady *Mammon* is no wit.

Do'e think I made e'm? I have an Estate, Madam,

*Mam.* I know you have fin'd for Alderman.

*Ful.* They were a foolish Scholars o'the Town,  
And I made my address to be confirm'd

In your opinion, they were wretched things,

And like the starv'd composer. The nine Muses

I have read, Madam, in a Learned Author,

Were but a knot of travailing, tawny gipsies

That liv'd by country canting, and old Songs,

And picking wormes out of tooles fingers, which

Was palmistry forsooth, and for *Apollo*

Whom they call'd Father, a poor silly Piper,

That kep't a thatch'd house upon Cuckolds Hill,

Not far from *Helicon*, or old *Bride-well*,

Where he sold switches, till his hut was burn'd

One night by a tinkers nose, that lay in straw there;

And he, for losse of this poor tenement,

Ran mad, from whence came all the mighty stir,

Of that, which we now call Poetick fury.

*Mam.* 'Tis very likely.

*Mas.* Madam, be your leave,  
I am a country-man, what should a man lye for?  
I ken no Colledge learning, but I have  
Been whip'd for latin in my dayes, that have I;  
And have heard talke of the Philosophers stone;  
Although I weare not velvet like his worship,  
My heart's imbroyder'd with love, and I  
Desie the man that thinkes me insufficient  
To do, whats fitting to be done between  
You and I Madam, as the best what lack you  
Finical-fartical-eitt within the walls.

*Ful.* Take heed how you provoke me.

*Mas.* I'll provoke any man living, in the way  
Love.

*Enter Phantasme.*

*Mam.* Did all the Ladies sleep well?

*Pha.* Yes and their Monkeys Madam, and have a  
Their severall thanks, and services remembred  
To your Ladiship---but Madam----

*Exit Mam. and Pha.*

*Ful.* She has left us.

I'll find a time to make you sensible-----

*Mas.* Me sensible?

I defy thee.

*Ful.* Be not rampant, and thank Heaven  
We are not arm'd.

*Mas.* I scorne it.

*Ful.* Dar'st thou meet me?

*Mas.* Yes, the next day after *Simon* and *Jude*  
I dare, when all your liveries go a feasting  
By water with your gally foist and pot-guns,  
And Canvas Whales to *Westminster*; I am not

Affear



Affear'd of your green Robin-hoods, that fright  
With fiery club your pitifull Spectators  
That take pains to be stifled, and adore  
The Wolves and Camels of your company.  
Next whom the children ride, who innocent things,  
What with the Gyants, and the Squibs and eating  
Too many sugar-plumms, take occasion to  
Perfume their Pageants, which your Senators  
Ride after in full scent.

*Ful.* Thou horrid Lumpe  
Of leather, course wooll, ignorance and husbandry,  
Most pitifully compounded, thou that  
Hast liv'd so long a dunghill, till the weeds  
Had over-grown thee, and but ten yards off,  
Cosen'd a horse that come to graze upon thee,  
Thou miserable thing, that wert begot  
By the whole Town, thou dar'st call no man Father,  
Found in a hedge, but bred up in a stable,  
Wherewith the horse thou did'st divide the bean's,  
Dung like the beast, and wert as often curried.  
Thus bred, at one and twenty thou wer't able  
To write a legible Sheeps mark in tarre,  
And read thy own capitall letter, like a gallows  
In a Cows buttock.

*Mas.* Suffer this?

*Ful.* And more:

Fortune conspiring with thy own ill nature,  
That durst be damn'd for Money, made thee rich,  
And then the Countreys curses fatten'd thee,  
Time, and thy sordid sins made thee at last  
High-Constable, and now thou hast the impudence---

*Mas.* Thou liest.

*Maslin strikes Fulbank*

*Enter*

*Enter Phantasmie with two Swords.*

*Pha.* Fear not me Gentlemen, I am your friend,  
A friend to both your honours; here, be noble  
You have a just cause, and a gallant Mistress  
Persons of your quality, to fight thus  
For bloody noses, too't like Gentlemen,  
And draw blood handsomely, he that gets the victorie  
Shall ha my Lady, and a pardon, though  
It cost her half a Million, so I leave you.  
Here will I stay, and observe both their valours.

*Ful.* We are betrayed.

*Obscure*

*Mas.* I do not like these rooles.

*Ful.* It is not for my credit to be kill'd,  
If he have but the courage to advance,  
I am no Merchant-taylor of this World,  
And yet he looks less rampant. Sirrah *Maslin*---

*Mas.* I were best deliver up my cold iron, here.

*Ful.* He does approach.

*Mas.* And yet I wo't not. *Fulbanke.*  
I am of thy opinion, we are both  
Betraid; for my owne part, although I carry  
No flesh that feares a sword; yet I do not  
Affect to have devices put upon me.

*Ful.* Tis something thou hast said; this may be a  
plot;

Some third man has projected by our ruines  
To make his path smooth to my Lady *Mammon*;  
And thus her Squire promotes it.

*Mas.* A conspiracy!

I read it in the rascals face, too't quotha  
Like Gentlemen? no, they sha' nor laugh at me.

And

and my Lady had a mind to ha my throat cut,  
he shall excuse me;

*Ful.* To my wishes! but

I am not satisfied,

We can without some blood come off with honour;  
You know th' affront was mine, and though I woud not  
have my revenge writ in too deep a crimson,  
yet something must be done, it will be publick,  
and we may still be laugh'd at.

*Maf.* Thou saist right,

things cannot well be clear'd without some blood,  
have consider'd, and you shall be satisfied,

*Ful.* So, I have made fine worke, the Bore will  
fight now.

*Maf.* The credit of a wound will serve, thus  
then—

*Ful.* Stay, I have a device will bring us both off.

Why may not we consent to give each other  
A careless wound in the leg, or arme, and so  
March off with honour?

*Maf.* This knock was in my very thoughts, 'tis  
Ex'lent.

*Ful.* But since I nam'd it first, 'tis my invention,  
And I will strike the first blow,

*Maf.* hang't, I pass not,

But gently then, a scratch ith arme, or hands  
Enough, a small thing does it, gently, oh!

Thou hast cut of my Sword hand, this is fowle play,  
I cannot hold my toole now.

*Ful.* But stoope to reach it,

I'l cut thy head off, Ith field we must  
Use all advantages. This weapon's mine too.  
Farewell, and say I have used thee honourably.

*Enter*

*Enter Phantasme.*

*Pha.* Ha. ha. ha. are you hurt Sir?  
 I see the Alderman has outwitted you.  
 Let me see, ha? a scratch, a very scratch;  
 Beare up, there may be wayes to your revenge,  
 Leave not your applications to my Lady.  
 He counsellis this, that will assist you ——— but  
 I ever thought your habit much beneath  
 The person that should court so great a Lady.  
 It smells too much o'th reame, I know y'are rich.  
 Aire, aire your gold, and make your body clinkant,  
 The rest commit to fate, and me, consult  
 Your Taylor.

*Maf.* And my Chirurgeon; Sir I thanke you.

*Pha.* You do not know, how I am contriving  
 you.

*Maf.* That very word has cur'd me. I'le about it

*Exit*

*Pha.* So, when ther's no other mischief to be  
 done,

Let them go on, and love my Lady *Mammon*;  
 I'le assist one, in hope the t'other may  
 Go hang himself, and then it will be hard  
 To judge, which of the two has the better fortune.

*Exit*

*Enter Honorio between Alamode and  
 Collonell.*

*Ala.* Bless me but with one smile, if you did know  
 With what devotion my Soul looks on you,

*How*

How next to my Religion I have plac'd,  
If not above it, ) your diviner beauty---

*Hon.* Your name is *Alamode*, a Courtier.

*Aba.* 'Tis sweetned by *Honorio's* breath,

*Col.* I have

No stock of perfum'd words to court you, Madam,  
Can you affect a man? A souldier?

When I have march'd upto a breach, which look'd  
Like Hell with all his sulphurous flames about it;  
My heart was fixt on honour, and I rooke  
From gaping wounds the fleeting Soules about  
me.

Into my owne, and fought with all their spirits;  
The mangled bodies that I trod upon,  
( For now the dead had buried all the Earth )

Gave me addition to Heaven, where in,  
My strong imagination I saw  
Thee from thy Chariot dropping down a Garland.

*Hon.* You are a Colonel.

*Col.* I profess a souldier Madam.

*Hon.* It appears a bold one; art thou come *Alworth*.

*Enter Alworth.*

What said the Lady *Mammon*?

*Ala.* One that has some relation to her person,  
They call him *Alworth*, and I have observ'd  
She looks on him with favour above a Servant,  
He has not the impudence to court his Lady

*Hon.* So peremptory? what a strange monster wealth  
is?

I have but made a tryall of her friendship,

And

And had no meaning thou should'st leave me  
*Alworth,*

Depend upon my care, I know your parts;  
 And shall not be forgetfull of their merit.  
 But thou art come most seasonable to relieve me.

*Ala.* I do not like their whispering.

*Alw.* If you please, Madam, to absent your self,  
 Leave me to the excuse.

*Hon.* Do so, dear *Alworth.*

*Alw.* I am happy when you command me service.

*Hon.* Be confident, I keep a silent register of all,  
 And shall reward them.

*Alw.* Your own vertues guide you. *Exit Hon.*

*Col.* My Lady's gone.

*Alw.* But has commanded me to let you know  
 Her resolution, she hath found you both  
 Ambitious of honour, both deserving,  
 And such an equall furniture of merit,  
 She has no art to reconcile her thoughts  
 Into one fortunate choice.

*Ala.* 'Tis very strange.

*Alw.* The Gordian, which great *Alexander*  
 could not

By subtilty dissolve, his sword untwisted;  
 I use her own words, Gentlemen, you may  
 Inferre, that you must either quit your courtship,  
 Or by your selves agree, who best deserves her,  
 And dare do most to merit such a mistress.

*Ala.* How, best deserves her?

*Col.* And dare do most,

*Alw.* I should interpret this to fight for Honour.  
 But you can best expound, and so I leave you. *Exit.*

*Col.*

*Col.* What sayes my perfum'd *Alamod* to this?  
Will not a sword quite spoile your sattin Doubler,  
And let in too much aire? your lips and language  
Barth'd in the oyle of *Gessamine* will not carry her,  
You have worne a sword thus long, to shew the hilt;  
Now let the blade appear.

*Ala.* It shall. I have yet  
No ague, I can looke upon your buffe,  
And punto beard, yet call for no strong-water,  
I am no Tavern gull, that want protection,  
Whom you with oathes do mortifie and sweare  
Into the payment of your ten pound surfeits;  
Upon whole credit you weare belt and feather,  
Top and Top-gallant. Go to your Landab---  
It's new Brothell, she's a handsome leverett,  
If she deny free quarter, tear her trinkets,  
Make Cullice of the Matron, yet be friends  
Before the Constable come in, and runne  
Ot'h tucket for the dear disease.

*Col.* Go on fir.  
I will have patience three minutes longer,  
To hear thy scurrile wit, and then correct it.  
*Ala.* Answer but one coole question, if *Honorio*  
Should possibly descend to think well of thee,  
And by some philtre should be brought to love  
thee.

What Jointure could we make, what's the *per annum*?

*Col.* Have you done yet?

*Ala.* 'Tis not impossible,  
You may have a Catalogue of Town's and Leaguers,  
The Names of Bridges broken down, your nose  
In time may keep them company in Landshape:  
You will tell of Bulworkes, *Barricado*, *Fort's*.

Of

Of outworkes, half moones, spurres, and parrapets  
 Of turnepikes, flankers, Cats and Counter-scarfs,  
 These things will hardly pawn with Jew or Christian  
 But i'll come closer to you, you may have  
 In ready wounds some twenty, i'll admir,  
 And in diseases can assure her forty;  
 This wo't not do, she cannot eate a knapsack,  
 Or carry baggage, lye in your foule hurt,  
 And roste the pullen, for whose pretious theft,  
 You and the gibbet fear to be acquainted.  
 If you return into your wholsome Countrey,  
 Upon your honourable wooden legges,  
 The houses of Correction have but thinn  
 Accommodations, nor the Hospitalls.

*Col.* It does appear by all this impudence,  
 And little wit pilfer'd, and put together,  
 You do not know me.

*Ala.* Cry your mercie, Sir.

You are a great Field-officer, are past  
 These petty things, but if these times preserve  
 Their smooth complexion, it wo't not be  
 Ten hundred thousand pistols to a stiver,  
 But you may run this gantlope once agen.

*Col.* You imagine you have stung me now, and  
 that

I think my self concern'd in this keen character?  
 I tell thee (wretched thing,) thou doest not reach  
 A Souldier, 'tis a name, three Heavens above  
 Thy Soule to understand, and 'twere a sin  
 Would lessen our own worth, to make thee know it  
 You are a Courtier.

*Ala.* Very good.

*Col.* Nay rather.



pets  
arfs,  
ristian

very impious one, you shall confess it,  
: I will cut your throat, this is no canting.

*Ala.* Very fine.

*Col.* Nay we know you are a fine Gentleman,  
Taffara-sattin-plush-embroydered-  
ac'd-scarlet-tissue-cloath-a-bodkin devill;  
ride is thy meat and drink, thy Library,  
and thy Religion, thy new clothes only  
bring thee to Church, where thou dost muster, all  
the fashions, and the trinkets, to the last  
new button, upon which thy conscience fits,  
and as the devill guides it, dost condemne,  
Or save the people, that done, not the window's  
scape thee, for thou woot quarrell with the pictures,  
and find fault with the Apostles, for not having  
a better Taylor, these Sir are your vertues,  
Your high, and holiday devotions.  
What moral vices follow in the weeke,  
is best known to the devill, your close friend,  
That keeps the Catalogue, yet one touch of them;  
Thy lust has no bounds, when thy blood's a fire,  
Thou leap'st all like a Satyre, without difference  
Of kindred, or acquaintance; and were those  
w, and out summon'd, whom thy body hath infected,  
They would stufte an Hospital, and out-stinke the  
Pest-house.

w, and

ach

*Ala.* And yet I walke upon these poor supporters.

*Col.* How long the Chirurgeon knowes.

*Ala.* These all my faults?

ow it

*Col.* No, those are but thy Peccadillioes,  
Thy malice is behind, thou woot not take a bribe  
To undo a Nation, sell thy Countrey men  
To as many persecutions, as the devill

On

Or Dutch men had invented at *Amboyna*;  
 With all this stock of villany, thou hast  
 An impudence-----

*Ala.* I'll heare no more,

*Col.* A little I'll intreat you, all is but  
 A preface to your beating, which must follow,  
 Your tribe will beare it.

*Ala.* Then have at you Sir.

*They make a Pa*

*Col.* Y'are very nimble Courtier.

*Ala.* As you see.

*Col.* Good Mounſieur Quickſilver,  
 You may be fixt.

*Ala.* And your arrears be paid.

*Another Paſs, Alamo  
 down and diſarm'd.*

*Col.* What think you now?

*Ala.* It is your fortune Sir.

*Col.* Y'are at my mercie, aske your life?

*Ala.* I ſcorne it.

*Col.* I'll kill you then.

*Ala.* A boy may do as much  
 At this advantage.

*Col.* Will you not aske your life?

*Ala.* No 'tis not worth it.

*Col.* And't be not worth your asking, 'tis  
 Worth

My taking at this poſture, there's your weapon,  
 Riſe, uſe it agen.

*Ala.* It ſhall be thus to render it.

Though I was not ſo baſe to beg my life,  
 Yet ſince you have given it me, I ſcorne to imploy  
 Againſt one that was the matter on't,

*Col.* This is gallantry.

*Ala.* You taught it first.

*Col.* In spite of all the Widdowes in the World  
e will be friends.

*Ala.* I meet it Colonel.

*Col.* And for the Lady *Mammon*-----

*Ala.* Wee'l take our chance.

*Col.* A match, now let us to th' Tavern.

*Exeunt.*

---

C

ACT

## ACT. II.

*Enter Fulbanke and Phantasme.*

*Pha.* I Think I have brought your business  
about, Sir.

*Ful.* Thou hast obleig'd me everlastingly.  
Nay nay, be covered, thou art my best friend.

*Pha.* It was but Justice to advance your merit  
With all the Reticke I had, for where  
Inprudence, could my Lady *Mammon* place  
Her self with more advantage to her fame?  
A widdow of a thousand pound *per annum* Jointure  
With some few present bagges of musty Gold,  
Old Plate, and hungry household-stuff would serve  
The Countrey well enough.

*Ful.* Excellent *Phantasme*

*Pha.* Where the report of building a Free-school  
And now and then an alme-house for old women,  
With five teeth and a half among sixteen,  
Would make a mighty noise, and the poor hinds  
Wonder, there's so much money left in nature.  
The City is her only sphere of glory.

*Ful.* Right, very right.

*Pha.* Here My Lady *Mammon*.  
(Yours now as things are ordered)

*Ful.* Good.

*Pha.* May have high and noble waies to employ  
her treasures.

Do things above the vulgar admiration,  
Surround the City with a wall of Silver,  
Transmute dull Leaden-hall to Gold, rebuild  
The great Cathedrall of *St. Pauls* with Porphyrie  
And clap so bright a spire upon't, shall make  
The Sea-man afar off wonder what new  
And never setting starre; Heaven hath created  
To make the day eternall in this Island.

*Ful.* My own *Phantasmie*.

*Pha.* There is no end, Sir, of her wealth, if you  
have but the patience to spend, you may  
Out-do the Roman Luxuries.

*Ful.* I'll give thee my Gold-chain.

*Pha.* O'h no, it may do you better service, Sir,  
Bout your own neck hereafter; for all this  
Infinite Treasure that she brings you, Sir,  
What Joynture do you make her?  
You are mortall.

*Ful.* I ha thought of that,  
will secure my whole Estate upon her?  
Beside her own, I have no kindred, that  
care for, they are poor, and as my pride,  
While I am living, will not look upon e'm,  
At death, it will be wisdom to forget them.

*Pha.* It would endear my Lady much, if you  
surprize her with this act, before she think on't.  
would have you do things gallantly---

*Ful.* You shall  
Give the direction to my Counsell;

*Pha.* His name.

*Ful.* A very honest able eminent person,

One Mr. *Traverse*, see it done your self.

*Phan.* My Lady will take it well, without a doubt, Sir.

*Ful.* But shall I engage your trouble---

*Pha.* 'Tis an honour;

I'll give him order to dispatch all presently.

He is a very honest man you say.

*Ful.* He's right, I know him *intus & in Cuite.*

*Pha.* My Lady, Sir, leave things to me.

*Enter Mammon.*

*Ful.* My most divine *Aurelia*!

*Mam.* Dear Mr. *Fulbanke*,

I have no happiness but in your presence,  
When shall the worke be perfect?

*Ful.* I was considering,  
It would become the glory of my Bride,  
To have some state, and triumph at our marriage,  
I know the City will expect we should  
Accept some entertainment, perhaps Pageants,  
And speeches to congratulate our Nuptial.

*Mam.* 'Twill please me much.

*Pha.* There may be prejudice in these delay's,

*Ful.* Oh Sir, the state is all; what thinks your  
Ladyship?

- We will have tilting too, and feats of Chivalry  
At Court where I'll defend my *Aurelia Princess*,  
In the guilt armour that I mustered in,  
And the rich saddle of my owne perfuming,  
I'll have my squires, my plumes, and my devices,  
And with my lance encounter the whole mirror  
Of Knight-hood, and compell the forreign Princes

to hang up all the Tables of their Mistresses  
As Trophee's to my most victorious *Mammon*.

*Pha.* Without some cure he will be mad immediately.

*Enter Alamode, reading a Letter, a  
Servant waits.*

*Ala.* Present my humblest service to *Honoris*,  
say I am all obedience to her commands,  
Were I in Heaven, this invitation  
Would have the power to draw me thence, I kiss  
Her fairest hand, this for your favour,  
*gives him money.*

*Mr. Fulbanke,*

*Ful.* Please you to know my Lady Sir?

*Ala.* If I mistake not the Lady *Aurelia*;  
Widdow to the late high Treasurer, Sir  
Omnipotent *Mammon*.

*Salutes her?*

But are you Master of this rich Peru?

*Ful.* She will please to owne me, ha?

*Mam.* It is but Justice.

*Ala.* A thousand streams of joy flow in your bosoms,

I'll take some fortunate hour to visit you,  
And with an humble lip print my devotions  
On your white hand.

*Mam.* You'll do me an honour sir.

*Ala.* Some high affairs compell this rude departure,

But you have mercy to excuse your servant. *E:it.*

*Ful.* VVhat heaps of words some men have together  
C 3

To signifie nothing?

*Pha.* How do you like this Gentleman?

*Ful.* These Countiers are another sort of flesh-flies,  
That haunt our City dames, but we must winke,  
Or loose our Charter?

*Pha.* Bless the Body Politick.

*Enter Maslin in rich Cloths, but Antick.*

*Mas.* By your leave Gentlemen.

*Ful.* VVhat Pageant's this?

*Mas.* VVhere De'e think I have been, Madam?

*Mas.* At the Brokers.

*Mas.* At the Exchange by these silke-stockings,  
*Mr. Usher*----- a word to the wise,  
If they will fit your rowling-pin, they'r paid for;  
Perhaps the wages you receive in your  
Relation to my Lady, wo' not find you  
Convenient vanities. Now I'me for you Madam.

*Mam.* In good time.

*Mas.* I wanted but your hand,  
I could ha fitted you with gloves, but here are  
Some trifles for the finger, you must weare  
This Diamond, and this Ruby,

*Mam.* De'e understand  
VVhat you do sir?

*Mas.* And here's a casting Net of Pearl.

*Mam.* A Carkanet? these will deserve-----

*Mas.* Tell not me of desert, I hate it perfectly,  
Hang toyes and yellow rubbish that paid for e'm,  
How De'e like my clothes?

*Ful.* Sir I am concern'd to thank you for these fa-  
vours.

*Mas.*



*Mas.* You? prethee away, I ha nothing to say to thee?

*Ful.* We have no other gratitude sweet-heart,  
But to invire him to our wedding.

*Mas.* Wedding? *Phantafme.*

*Pha.* And you had come but half an hour  
sooner,

This very shape had don't.

*Mas.* Do not, do not make me mad too soone.

*Ful.* You have been very bountifull, and we pray  
Your noble presence at our Festivall,  
Which we have deferr'd to be attended with  
Some Triumph, such as may become the City,  
And my dear Ladies honour, is't not so,  
My America? look how the oyster gapes.  
Leave him to chew his Countrey cud, come Madam.

*Exeunt.*

*Pha.* Sir I confesse.---

*Mas.* And be hang'd, I am undone, and I could  
cry now.

*Pha.* Sir,

You have been at a great charge to go without her,  
Such rings, and Carknet, beside the cost  
Of this fine habit? for your bounty, Sir,  
Bestowed on me, the unworthiest of your Servants,  
I have a gratitude, if you please to accept it.

*Mas.* What is't? a halter or a knife to cure me,  
Or a comfortable poison?

*Pha.* 'Tis the first

You nam'd, a most convenient, nearly twisted  
Halter, for I do see your inclinations,  
And shall commend your fortitude, beside  
'Twill shew a brave contempt upon their scorns.

And who know's, how the example, Sir, may spread  
To cure some other mad men that love widdows.  
You have my judgement and the cord for nothing,  
Lose not the nick of the next beam you come at,  
No way like this to be High-Constable.

*Mas.* Here, take my clothes; I will be mad, and  
hang

My self immediately; ----- and yet I will consider,  
Till the ayre be a little warmer; when I have  
Cut *Fulbanks* throat, 'tis but a hanging afterwards.  
'Tis good to be malicious, and wise;  
Some notable revenge would be worth all  
My cost, and then a *sico* for the Devill. *Exit.*

*Enter Alworth and Alamo,*

*Alw.* Please you to have a little patience  
I shall acquaint my Lady that y<sup>e</sup> are come, Sir.

*Ala.* Before you go, dear Sir, I know your prudence

And neere imployment with my Lady, has  
Endeerd you to partake some of her Counsellis;  
You shall oblige a very humble Servant,  
To let me know how she affects, you reach  
My meaning, by what motive am I sent for?

*Alw.* My Lady keeps the key of her own Cabinet,  
But if you'l have my Judgement on the scheme,  
I think my Lady will this day determine  
Her choice, I encline the rather to this Judgement,  
Because the Colonell is sent for too.  
My attendance is expected, Sir, your pardon.

*Ala.* Ha musick.

*A song within praise of a Courtier.*

I like this well

*Enter*

*Enter Colonell and Alworth.*

*Alw.* My Lady will appear presently,  
I'll give her knowledge, if you please.

*Col.* Your favour, Sir,  
You are learned beyond books, what's your opinion  
Of my Lady, in relation to things at present?  
What do you think of me?

*Alw.* My thoughts are much  
Too narrow to conclude your worth, which left  
An object for Divine *Honorid's* wisdom,  
Must only take from her, a worthy character  
And just reward.

*A song in praise of a Soldier.*

*Col.* I like this preface.

*Ala.* My noble Colonell, thy Servant.

*Enter Honorid attended, a Table set forth, with  
a Cabinet upon it.*

*Hon.* Excuse the trouble that I give you Gentle-  
men,

Y<sup>e</sup> are welcome, and thus knit into a freindship,  
Your persons have more grace, and shine upon e<sup>m</sup>  
Some chairs, pray sit. I see you both preserve  
Your fair respects to honour, and I have  
After some pause, and serious dispute  
Wirhin my self, collected now at last,  
Upon whose person to repose my self,  
My fortune, and my fame, and since but one  
( Where many may deserve ) can weare the Gar-  
land

The

The loser must content himself with his fate,  
And wait a kinder providence.

*Col.* 'Tis but Justice.

*She takes a wreath of  
Bayes from the Cabinet.*

*Hon.* This wreath of bayes, embleme of victory,  
Must crowne his head to whom I fall a Conquest,  
Forgive the Ceremony.

*Col.* Oh 'tis very pleasing,

*Ala.* I like it well, Madam, and commend your  
fancy.

*Hon.* You, Sir, were bred up in the Schoole of he-  
now,

The Court, this may not unbecome your Temples,  
Wise Courtiers are the Jewels of a Crown,  
The Columnes and the ornaments of state,  
Fitted with parts; and piety to ad:  
They serve the Power for Justice, not themselves;  
Their Faith the Cabinet, in which is laid  
The Princes safety, and the Nations peace,  
The Oracles, and the mysteries of Empire;  
Men borne above the sordid guilt of avarice,  
Free as the mountain aire, and calme as mercy.  
Borne without Eyes, when the poor man complains  
Against the great oppressor, without hands,  
To take the bloody price of mans undoing,  
But keeping at each sense a Court of Guard,  
Draws fear from Love, and teaches good by example.

*She puts the Wreath upon the Colonell.*

*Ala.* Divine Honorio.

*Hon.* You must give me leave,

To try, how it becomes his brow; me thinks  
 With the same grace, it dwells upon his head,  
 Does he not look like mighty *Julius* now,  
 When he returned triumphant from the *Gaules*,  
 Or bringing home the wealthy spoiles of *Egypt*,  
*Pontus*, and *Africa* allow him but  
 The same commands, and men to fight, why may not  
 His Valour equall what is fam'd in story,  
 Achiev'd by the great souls of *Rome*, and *Carthage*?  
 A soldier merits first to be called man,  
 By whom not only Courts but Kingdoms flourish,  
 Unto whose severall offices, the VWorld  
 Owes all the great and glorious names of honour.  
 How would the age grow rusty, and the soule  
 Of Common-wealths corrupt with ease, and surfeits,  
 Should not the sword call e'm to exercise,  
 And sweat out their unmanly Luxuries,  
 By acting things worth envy, even of Princes.  
 The honour of the Gowne without his sword,  
 Will run it self into contempt, and Laws  
 Are not good made, but while the sword secures e'm.  
 The Court must weare no filke, nor the proud City  
 Make the Sea groane with burden of her wealth,  
 Did not the active soldier, with expence  
 Of his dear blood, expose himself abroad,  
 Their convoy, and security at home,

*Col.* I am transported.

*Hon.* Give me the same favour

To let me looke a little on this Chapter,  
 To which I have annexed my self a Labell.  
 Me thinks the Trifle looks, as it had lost  
 Some Verdure since I took it from your heads,  
 The Courtier, and the Soldier both inviting

In

In such a high degree of merit, hinders  
The progress I should make, but pardon me,  
I shall soone quit the Labarynth.

*Col.* What's the meaning?

*Hon.* I would you were not two, or that one had  
Less of desert, when you are both in ballance,  
Have you no art, Gentlemen, to contract  
Your selves into one person?

*Ala.* 'Tis not possible.

*Hon.* Think you so? it is worth the experiment,  
Come hither *Alworth*.

*Alw.* Madam.

*Hon.* Nay come nearer,  
This is a Scholar, Gentlemen, and the cloud  
He weares, remov'd, for he's no more a Servant,  
May bring him into a civill competition:  
Me thinks it fits him, your opinions?

*Col.* We are in a fair way to be ridiculous, what  
think you?

Chiaus'd by a Scholar?

*Ala.* Are you in earnest Madam?

*Hon.* I repent not

The placing of it there, in him do meet  
The Courtier and the Soldier, at least  
He's not without the best capacity  
Of both your worths, when they have brightest lustre

*Ala.* There is no remedy.

Would I had *Mammon*.

*Hon.* Gentlemen stay, & hear the Scholars character

*Col.* No thank you Madam, we have heard too  
much,

Fortune has given you Lawrell, and us willow.

May your wreath flourish, Sir?

*Exeunt*  
*Ala.*

*Ala.* Soule of my muse! what active unknown  
fire

Already doth thy Delphick wreath inspire?  
O'th suddain how my faculties swell high,  
And I am all a powerfull Prophecie.  
Sleep ye dull *Cæsars*, *Rome* will boast in vain  
Your glorious Triumphs, one is in my brain  
Great, as all theirs, and circled with thy bayes,  
My thoughts take Empire ore all Land, and Seas:  
Proof against all the Planets, and the stroke  
Of Thunder, I rise up *Augustus* Oake,  
Within my guard of *Lawrell*, and made free  
From age, look fresh still, as my Daphnean tree:  
My fancy's narrow yet, till I create  
For thee another World, and in a state  
As free as innocence, shame all Poets wit,  
To climb no higher than *Elizium* yet;  
Where the pale Lovers meer, and teach the groves  
To sigh, and sing bold legends of their Loves.  
We will have other flights, and tast such things  
Are only fit for sainted Queens and Kings.  
All that was Earth falls off, my spirits free,  
I have nothing left now, but my Soule and thee.

*Honoria takes off the Wreath.*

*Hon.* VVhat means this Extasie? this was not  
meanr,

Unless you use my favours with less insolence,  
I can repent, and frowne e'm back to nothing.  
Have you forgot your distance? can a smile

And

And this green trifle forfeit your discretion;  
Or make me less, than when you were my Servant  
I look you should be humble still,

*Alw.* Good Heaven!

What unexpected, most prodigious cloud,  
With his black wings, hath in a minute veild  
The brightest day, that ever smil'd upon me?  
Did not you place it here?

*Hon.* It is confess'd,

As an encouragement to your vertue, Sir,  
No Conquest of *Honoris*, yet you triumph,  
And make me blush as I had courted you.

*Al.* O do not charge my thoughts with such a stain  
This might deserve your anger, and vouchsafe me  
The boldness to say Madam, if you punish  
My hasty application of your favours,  
You gave me the encouragement to be guilty.  
It is a tyranny to cherish Servants;  
And punish their obedience.

*Hon.* But when flattered by  
Pride, which darkes the soule, you challenge  
And measure the reward by your own fancy,  
You loose the noblest recompence of service,  
And merit but the hire of common duties;  
'Tis possible, that Gold may satisfie  
My debt to your employment.

*Alw.* Till this minute  
I was not lost, but having heard this, Madam,  
You must do something like a miracle  
To save me now;— I dare contemne your Gold;  
And am compell'd to aske your Justice, what  
Action since I had reference to honour,  
Look'd with a mercenary staine upon it?



Gold is a pay for soules of darke complexion:  
I served you for your self, and since I'm thought  
Beneath the merit of your smile, I'll make  
My self above the price of sordid contracts,  
For I can with as much ease despise your wealth,  
As I can shift the ayre, I take my leave,  
And can pray for you in a Wilderness.

*Ho.* Come back, this minute every cloud is vanish'd  
That did present displeasing formes: I find  
Thy soule is pure, forgive this Triall, thou hast  
Deserved me best.

*Alw.* I dare not understand you now.

*Hon.* The language is not hard.

*Alw.* I want a name, to call this blessing by,  
Then I may kiss your hand, and may I not,  
Madam approach your lip, and be forgiven?  
Now I begin to doubt.

*Hon.* My Faith?

*Alw.* That I am not awake, or if I be  
That I am short-liv'd, and must soone dissolve  
Under this storme of happines; ha? 'tis come  
And I have lost my courage o' the suddain. *faints:*  
Your pardon Madam, somerhing gathers here  
That wo'd surprize my heart. I am asham'd on't.

*Enter Scr.*

*Hon.* Who waits, contribute your best help to his  
Support, convey him gently to his chamber,  
Run for Phisicians, thy good genius guard thee.

*Alw.* I am not Worth your fears.

*Hon.* And worth my love?

*Alw.* That very word should cure me;

*Hon.* I have been

Too much, I fear unkind, to both our dangers. *Exeunt.*

Act

## ACT III.

*Enter Traverse and his Clarke.*

*Tra.* **VV** Air at the door, my Clients are so  
numerous  
And pressing with their suites, they almost stifle  
me.

Let me enjoy the aire of my owne Chamber;  
I think I have lost some lungs in the last cause,  
Let me indulge a little to repair e'm,  
A glasse of the Greeke wine, Th' Italian Merchant  
Presented me, and let the Terme go on,  
I'll drive the Law at leisure, and o're wake it.

*Clarke fills Wine into the glass.*

So so, this looks sprightly,  
Be carefull of this Treasure, 'tis my blood,  
**VV**ast not one drop, upon thy life I charge thee.

*Dash drinks from the bottle.*

*Daf.* **VV**ast quoth?   
You shall not prove a wast, I'll warrant you.

*Tra.* So, so, remove.

*Daf.* Sir your Idolaters, the Writs are come.

*Enter,*

*Enter Writts.*

*Tra.* The weather's hot, let no more spirits enter,  
 Now like the soveraigne Bee, methinks I sit  
 In my prodigious hive, surveying all  
 My wing'd, industrious people, bringing honey,  
 And making wax more precious than a trade  
 To both the *Indies*. My good Emisſaries,  
 And faithfull spirits of the Law, descend  
 To your infernall shades, untill I call you,

*Exeunt Writts.*

*Enter Dash.*

*Daf.* A Gentleman desires to speak with you Sir,  
 From the Lady *Mammon*.

*Tra.* Admit him.

*Enter Phantasme.*

*Daf.* VVhat a fine thing this Terme is?  
 And what an ungodly time, the long Vacation?

*Pha.* Sir, I'l not hold you long, I know you have  
 buſineſs,

There have paſt ſome overtures of love and marriage,  
 Between your City Client, Mr. *Fulbank*,  
 And the Miſtriſs that I ſerve, the Lady *Mammon*.  
 And you ſhould draw a Deed to ſettle on her  
 Her whole Eſtate, if ſhe ſurvive, as Joynture----

*Tra.* I underſtand you Sir.

*Pha.* I am glad you do, this Sir is his deſire,  
 And to have all diſpatch'd with expedition.

D

*Tra.*

*Tra.* Very well.

*Pha.* But the reason of my coming is  
To desire you sir, to let all this  
Alone, there is another thing, that will  
Concern you more materially.

*Tra.* Your meaning?

*Pha.* You are not married,

*Tra.* I enjoy a freedom.

*Pha.* My Lady *Mammon* has a vast Estate,  
And is a widdow, you do understand?

*Tra.* Her name is precious to the VWorld.

*Pha.* The VWorld's an ass, you look like a wiseman.  
You have a good face, and a handsome person  
Under a Gowne, you have a good Estate too;  
I am a Servant, that have credit with her,  
By my relation; and I have no mind,  
The City Mule, your Client, should breake  
His back with burden of his gold; in short,  
I wish you well, and if you have the confidence  
To make a motion for your self, this high  
And mighty widdow, may be yours; I'm plain.

*Tra.* Say you so?

*Pha.* I'll bring her to you, and prepare her too,  
Have I been tedious sir,

*Tra.* My better Angell!

*Pha.* Legions attend my Lady, trouble not  
Your head why all this kindness from a stranger.  
I had a revelation to do thus;  
Have a strong faith, and think upon't, your Servant  
If within half an hour she visit you,  
Think it no dreame, and thank me afterwards,  
Now leave your wonder, and be wise.

*Tra.* Can this be true? 'tis not impossible.

This is a pretty vision would I had her.  
If she appear I may believe, and prosper.

*Enter Maslin.*

*Daf.* The tide is coming in,  
*Mr. Maslin* the High-Contable, a good man  
And full of causes.

*Tra.* What intrusion's this?

*Maf.* I have given a sop to *Cerberus* your door-  
keeper.

*Tra.* O<sup>r</sup> *Mr. Maslin* you are become a stranger.

*Maf.* 'Tis not for want of love to be at Law.  
Your worship knows, I am apt to trouble you,  
And the whole County where I live.

*Tra.* Your business?

*Maf.* Sir, it is extraordinary, and I desire  
Beside your learned worships fees, to pay  
For expedition.

*Tra.* You speak reason.

*Maf.* I do abound in reason, look you Sir

*Shews Gold*

'Tis all of this complexion; here's a piece  
For every day till the next Terme begin,  
And two for every day it lasts.

*Tra.* Have a care of your health, good Sir;

*Maf.* And you of your spectacles.

*Tra.* What must I do for this?

*Maf.* Do? you must undoe  
A friend of mine.

*Tra.* A Friend?

*Maf.* We are all friends in Law, Sir,  
Never did man suffer so fast an injury,

D a

And

And therefore take him to your legall malice?

*Tra.* Has he kill'd your Father?

*Mas.* VVorse, worse:

*Tra.* Made a whore of your sister?

*Mas.* VVorse than that:

*Tra.* Ravish'd your wife?

*Mas.* VVorse than all that, and yet this comes the neereſt,

He's cheated me of my wench; a widdow Sir  
That has more money than in all your profession  
Has got, since the dissolution of the Abbeyes.  
In ſhort, this is the Caſe, *Fulbanke*, the City  
Gulfe has ſwallowed my Lady *Aurelia*

*Mammon.*

*Tra.* O *Caniball*!

*Mas.* Devour'd my widdow, wife

That ſhould ha been; this man I hate, this man  
Muſt be undone, and there's part of the money.

*Tra.* The Lady *Aurelia* *Mammon*?

*Mas.* That very Polcat; but I muſt tell you Sir,  
They are not married yet, if you have now  
A dainty Devill to ſo bid the banes-----

*Tra.* Although this be a caſe, more pertinent  
To the Court Eccleſiaſticall, yet,  
Let me conſult my Law-giver.

*Turns his Books.*

*Mas.* Sir, ſo I may  
Be reveng'd, I ſtand not much upon't,  
VVho has this *Mammon*, let the Devill take her,  
Or your worſhip take her, 'tis all one to me.

*Tra.* Hum! I ſhall ſtretch a point of Law for you.

You

You shall have your desire, I do expect  
Her presence instantly,

*Mas.* Is that a conjuring book, expect her instantly?

Now I'll pronounce you master of your wishes,  
For you shall have ---

*Mas.* The widdow?

*Tra.* VVhat is sweeter than the widdow,  
You Sir, shall have revenge, and Mr. *Maslin*  
To vex him more, de'e observe I will have the widdow,  
My self.

*Mas.* You will, and what shall I have?

*Tra.* Sir, you shall have revenge, revenge, the joy  
Of flesh and blood, life and delight of nature,  
The poor mans Luxury, and the rich mans bath,  
Above all wealth or widdows Sir. *Mr. Maslin*,  
I'll tame his blood, and his Estate by Law,  
VVhile you shall crack your spleen with mirth and  
laughter,  
And wonder at my subtrill arts to vex him.

*Mas.* All this is reason.

*Tra.* This shall be done by Law for the High-Con-  
stable.

*Enter Mammon and Phantasme.*

*Mas.* The Lady's come; this Gentleman  
Has studied the black art.

*Tra.* Do you withdraw, and leave me opportunity  
To wind the widdow up.

*Mas.* Behind the Hangings;

*He obscures.*

*Phantasme Exit.*

*Tra.*

*Tra.* Vouchsafe your Servant touch your hand,  
your lip  
Is an ambition more becoming Princes:

*Mam.* I am not proud, where fair salutes invite  
me.

I come to give you a little trouble, Sir.

*Tra.* Madam command me, to the extent of all  
My faculties.

*Maf.* His faculties? that will carry her,  
She is a glittering fairye, but he'll conjure her.  
Stay if he takes this prize, what shall I have  
For all my expences! that's considerable;  
Oh, I shall have revenge he says; the widdow  
Were much the better, but we must be rul'd  
By our learned Counsell.

*Mam.* You have order from  
A Gentleman of the City, Mr. *Fulbanks*,  
To draw up writings, fir——

*Tra.* A Joynture Madam.  
But I receiv'd a Countermand.

*Mam.* From whom?

*Tra.* From providence that would not suffer such  
An excellent Lady to be lost, and thrown  
Among the City rubbish.

*Mam.* Do you know Mr. *Fulbanks* Sir?

*Tra.* As much, as I do wonder at his impudence,  
And sawcy ambition with his mean deserts  
To look at such a blessing; your fortunes  
Are worth your preservation, and a man  
Whose art, and serious knowledge in the V World  
May fence it in from a rapine, and that greater  
Enemy to an Estate, profusion.  
Excuse my plainness Madam.



*Mam.* 'Tis a Truth.

*Tra.* Can you vouchsafe your smile upon a Ser-  
vant,

To whose faith and care you safely may commit  
A Treasure of more value than the World,  
Your self; in me behold him Madam, one  
That would devote his soule a Sacrifice  
To be for ever burning in those beams,  
There is no Law, but in your breast, your lips,  
Preserve the Nations Oracle.

*Mam.* This Language  
Doth tast too much of Poetry, take heed, Sir.

*Tra.* If this dislike you Madam, I can court you  
In a more legall way, and in the name  
Of Love and Law arrest you, thus

*Embraces her.*

*Mam.* Arrest me?

*Tra.* And hold you fast imprisoned in my arms,  
Withour or baile or maineprize.

*Mam.* This does well.

*Tra.* I can do better yet, and put in such  
A declaration, Madam, as shall startle  
Your merriest blood

*Mam.* I may put in my answer.

*Tra.* Then comes my replication, to which  
You may rejoyne, *Curat Lex.* shall we?  
Joyne issue presently?

*Mam.* He'l have her *se defendendo.*

*Enter*

*Enter Phantasme and Fulbanke.*

*Pha.* What do you think of this, Sir?

*Ful.* They are very familiar.

*Mas.* 'Tis he, the very he, come as my heart  
Could wish to his vexation.

*Pha.* Is this the honest Gentleman  
You trusted, Sir;

*Tra.* Who attends?

*Enter the Writs.*

*Ful.* My passion stifles me.

*Mas.* Are you come

My delicate; Devils cut in way? let him not  
Approach too near, he can take measure  
Of his forehead at this distance.

(works)

*Pha.* These were my fears, marriage had made sure  
I was against your stay for tilts, and triumphs.

*Mam.* 'Tis Mr. *Fulbanke*.

*Ful.* Would any Strumper vex an honest man thus?

*Mam.* Strumper; you shall have suell to this jea-  
lousie.

*Mas.* Excellent Pidgeons! admirable Spiders! ha,  
ha, ha.

*Ful.* I'll be revenged.

*Tra.* *Curat Lex.*

*Pha.* Excuse me, Sir, I must follow the Law,

*Exeunt.*

*The Writs enclose Fulbanke.*

*Mas.*

*Mas.* Joy Mr. *Fulbanke*, and a whole bundle of babies, ha, ha, ha.

our wedding day was notably deferr'd  
to be attended with more Ceremony,  
and such an antimasque of sucking Devills.  
He looks like the py'd Piper in *Germany*,  
that undertook to cure the Town of Rats,  
and now the fry of *Verm* dance about him.  
I am left to chew my Countrey cud, an asse,  
ridden-empty-pated-fordid Coxcomb:  
You do command in chief o're Cuckolds sconce  
at Haven, to which all the Tups strike saile,  
and bow in homage to your Sovereigne Antlers.  
Soft high and mighty halfe moon, Prince of *Becos*.  
And so I kiss your hoof.

*Exeunt Maslin and Writts.*

*Ful.* Well; if there be money and malice in the  
Ciry,  
I expect a black revenge upon ye all.

*Exit.*

*Enter Phantasme.*

*Pha.* My nimble Lawyer thinks he has got my  
Lady,  
and hugges his happines, my next worke shall be  
to spoile his practice, mischief is my office.

*Enter.*

Enter Alamo.

Most noble *Alamo*,

*Ala*, My old acquaintance?

*Pha*. I am proud that you will owne me, Sir, your Creature.

*Ala*. When is this day of Triumph in the City,  
For high and mighty *Fulbanks*, and your Ladies  
So much expected marriage?

*Pha*. At the Greeke Calends;  
My Lady's has left the Aldermans already.  
He may now change his Heraldry, and give  
In's coat an armed beast at the new bull-ring  
In a field dirt.

*Ala*. whether is she gone prethee?

*Pha*. To Travers sir, who has yet no Terme  
in life.

Your hopes thrive I guess in the fair *Honoria*.

*Ala*. She's a haggard too.

*Pha*. Possible?

*Ala*. She has gull'd us learnedly,  
'And took the Schollar, in few months you'll heare  
Her brought to bed of Philosophy, she's gone,  
And I may as soone hope to retrieve thy Lady,

*Pha*. My Lady? with your pardon, gentle sir,  
Can you find in your self any warme thought,  
Or meaning to my Lady?

*Ala*. Could I wish  
To live, and look at happiness?

*Pha*. You have been a noble Patron to me,

*Ala*. What canst thou do?

*Pha.* Do, I can do the office of a Gentleman,  
and you shall go your part, and perhaps owner.

*Ala.* Make me so happy.

*Pha.* I'll conduct you,  
ou come i'th opportunity.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Travers.*

*Tra.* My starres conspire to make me a full hap-  
piness,

nce, fame spread my intended marriage  
With Lady *Mammon*, methinks the people  
look on me with another face of feare,  
and admiration, in my thoughts I see  
my self already in the Throne of Law,  
which the petty purples waite, dispersing  
as I incline to frowne, or smile, the fate  
of trembling mortalls,

*Enter Phantasme.*

*Pha.* He is return'd.

*Tra.* Where is thy Lady, thou art ( I observe ) her  
favourite.

and must be mine;

*Pha.* She's in her Chamber sir.

*Tra.* Come I will have it so, thou art too humble,

*Pha.* 'Tis a becoming Duty. My ambition  
Will be to observe the wonder of your happiness,  
and how you'll rise to greatness, and to glory,  
by matching with my Lady,

*Tra.* You are not  
A stranger to her cloister, it will be

*As*

An engagement to acquaint me with her temper.

*Pha.* She is a woman, Sir, but you are wise.

*Tra.* Nay, nay, I must know her nature.

*Pha.* 'Tis very gentle, she is angell Gold,  
And you may bend her as you please, she is  
A teeming Lady too.

*Tra.* What Children?

*Pha.* All provided for, they'l not trouble you,  
She has a thousand friends.

*Tra.* Thou art kind, proceed----

*Pha.* You are a Gentleman,  
Whose wisdom I may trust, I should not use  
This freedom else.

*Tra.* Thou maist tell me any thing.

*Pha.* She loves to be abroad, and to disperse  
Her shine upon some persons that adore her,  
That's all her fault, she wo' not be confin'd, Sir;  
And how the softness of your nature will  
Consent, to keep her under lock and key----

*Tra.* Umh! if she be so volatile, I must  
Hang weight upon her, 'twill be necessary.

*Enter a Doctor.*

Retain thy wisdom and observe my Lady,

*Pha.* It is my duty, Sir.

*Tra.* My noble Client.

*Doc.* I ha not leisure to aske how go causes.

*Tra.* Yours will be heard, the first day of  
Term.

*Doc.* I build upon your care.

*Tra.* You may be confident,  
Neglect my Doctor, to whose care, and art

owe my lungs, and life?

*Doc.* Oh you are pleasant,  
but I am now engag'd, and shall desire  
may be excus'd, you know my Lady *Honorio*:

*Tra.* She is not sick.

*Doc.* No, but a Gentleman  
Whom she declares most precious to her, is,  
I'th height of expectation, and fair hopes  
(to have been her husband,) desperately false Sick,  
and now I think on't, 'tis my wonder, you  
made no addresse timely to that Lady.  
Men that are eminent in Law, are wont  
to be ambitious of Honour.

*Tra.* Oh Sir  
it is a maxime in our politicks,  
A Judge destroyes a mighty practiser.  
When they grow rich, and lazie, they are ripe  
for honour.

*Doc.* You have Sir a swelling fortune.

*Tra.* I have *Mammon*, I think, and for my owne  
part  
can easily consent to accept of Lordship.

*Doc.* If this man take the royl, and dye, she's worth  
your thoughts, my learned in the Laws, I wish  
if I could serve you.

*Tra.* Nay, nay prethee Doctor.

*Doc.* The Gentleman may suffer,

*Tra.* If he dye,

you and I shall be friends, i'll not engage you  
to poison him.

*Doc.* You have more justice.

*Tra.* Yet I should not breake my heart, if he were  
dead,

And

And the faire Lady mine, I know not, but  
 This very mention of her, at this nick  
 Of time, when her delight is taking leave,  
 Hath a strange operation in my fancy:  
 You know my constitution, I may want  
 Your ay'd, but honourably.

*Doc.* You shall command it.

*Tra.* Then i'l to her instantly, and beare you company.

*Doc.* You can pretend no visit, being a stranger.

*Tra.* No, I will go under the notion of  
 Your friend, and fellow Doctor, one o'th Colledge

*Doc.* You may do so.

*Tra.* I need not shift my habit.

*Doc.* And what then?

*Tra.* Observe, and see the Motions of my Lady  
 Who knows but I may feel her'pulse? I prophetic  
 Something will follow fortunate. If I thrive  
 Thou shalt be King of *Cos*, my learn'd *Hippocras*  
 And I will be thy Servant.

*Doc.* 'Tis too early to court her:

*Tra.* 'Tis a fault of modesty

In men to think so. Women are no fools;  
 And howsoe're they bridle it, 'tis providence  
 'T entertain new comforts, I have heard  
 A modest Gentleman say, that made his love  
 Known to a Lady e're her husbands flesh  
 Vvas cold i'th crust, I meane new cofind up,  
 But he had a repulse, the answer was  
 He came too late, the widdow had been promis'd  
 The day before.

*Doc.* If you be so resolv'd,  
 I'll waite upon you, Sir:



*Tr.* The rest to my kind starres, come wee'l take  
Coach.

*Exit.*

*Enter Mammon Alawode and Phantasme.*

*Mam.* Presume to lock me up? thou ha'st my Jew-  
ells.

I leave him instantly.

*Ala.* He fears his tenure,  
and would secure your Ladyship from starting,  
at this doth very well become your prudence,  
to quit the house e're he improve his interest,  
by some new quirk in Law.

*Pha.* A noble Gentleman!  
and one that honours you religiously.

*Mam.* You much oblige me sir, and I look on,  
you

design'd by providence my preserver; wee'll  
go to t'h Countrey instantly.

*Ala.* Any whether, excellent *Phantasme*!  
I am your Servant Madam, to wait on you  
through the VWorld.

*Pha.* I was borne to make you--  
foole, or I am mistaken.

*Enter Dash.*

This is his Clarke, and spie upon your person.

*Ala.* How the rascall squints upon us?

*Mam.* Tell Mr. *Travers*,  
the Bird is flowne, commend me to his night-cap,  
I shanot see him till the next vacation,

So

*Tr.*

So farewell penny a sheer.

*Al.* And dost heare? bid him  
Provide new locks and keys, and barres and bolts,  
And cap the Chimney, least my Lady fly  
Out at the Lover hole, so commend us to  
The precious owle your Master.

*They kick Das.*

*Pha.* One token from me.

*Exeunt*

*Das.* You have trusted me with tokens of remembrance,

I would my Master had received them in  
His *propria persona*, to have thank'd you.  
Their *toes* are somewhat harder than my haunches;  
But this is nothing to the generall damage,  
If our great Lady *Mammon* be run from us;  
VVhich I believe, as sure, as I am waking,  
And have been kick'd, the most convincing argument.

All our hopes come to this? our mighty hopes  
Huge as a Mountain. shrunke into a wart?

VVe are undone, and may go hang our selves.

*Enter Honorio.*

*Hon.* I was too blame, my curiosity  
Now suffers for the Triall of his vertue;  
And he too apprehensive, when I chid  
The Ambition of his love, made himself past  
The cure of my affection.

*Epi*

*Enter Doctor and Travers.*

ir, you are welcome:

*Doc.* Madam, I presum'd  
to bring another able Doctor with me  
for his consult, in case there may be danger.

*Hon.* You have very much oblig'd me.

*Tra.* She is a very gallant Lady!  
in sight of all the clouds that dwell upon her.

*Hon.* VWho waits there? shew these Doctors Mrs

*Alworths*

chamber, there is another Gentleman within  
of your profession; your cares shall find  
gratitude becoming both my self,  
and your owne worth, and I may tell you Doctor,  
it may give the least addition to  
our Cheerfulness, in his you will preserve my  
life.

*Doct.* Madam, retain but your own vertue; and be  
confident.

*Hon.* Poor *Alworth*, there is left no other way  
to pay my satisfaction to thy merits,  
or with my sorrow for thy sufferings,  
and what will be thought pious to thy memory,  
Fate translate thee hence: ha, he is returned.

*Enter Travers.*

What think you Sir?

*Tra.* I wish he could sleep Madam, I am for his  
sleep,

would be a benefit, truth is, I much fear him,

B

Bur

But 'tis not prudence (give me boldness Madam)  
 To let this Sorrow play too much a Tyrant  
 On your fair cheek: This shews him precious  
 you,

If the Stars envying his converse on Earth,  
 Court him to their bright Dwellings, you must be  
 Arm'd with a noble Fortitude, and consent  
 To let him rise a Constellation there,  
 And not impair your self, who were not meant  
 To be snatch'd hence, by over-hasty sorrow,  
 But live the worlds best Ornament.

*Hon.* Did you say  
 That sleep would much advantage him? What think  
 you

Of some soft murmurs of the Lute, or Voyce?  
 I have heard the purlings of a spring will make  
 Our senses glide into a dream I have a Page did  
 Toplease him much.

*Ex. Hon.*

*Enter Doctor.*

*Doct.* What think you on her?

*Tra.* I think? I cannot think too much upon her,  
 But I'll not leave her thus, her very presence  
 Is able to recover him.

*Doct.* Let me tell you Sir,  
 I finde no Danger in him, be then counsel'd  
 Not to betray your self, you finde his temper  
 Not apt for your design, Expect a time---

*Tra.* I love her infinitely. *Mammon* is a Blouze,  
 A deformed Gypsie, didst ere see her Doctor?  
 She paints abominably, ey'd like a Tumbler,

Her Nose has all the colours of the Rainbow,  
Her Lips are blue, and her teeth straddle, you  
May pick 'em with a bed-staff.

*Doct.* You describe  
An Elegant person.

*Tra.* But *Honorio*  
Has all perfections. Stay, what fees de'e think  
I have had of you since our acquaintance, there's  
A purse of gold---no ceremony, I am still  
In thy arrears for bringing me to see  
This wonder of her sex.

*Doct.* You are not wilde.

*Tra.* Your cause shall cost you nothing too, that  
ended,  
Quarrel with all the Countrey, your Law's paid  
for,  
Serve me but now, I'll be thy slave for ever.

*Exit.*

*Doct.* I now suspect the Lawyer is short liv'd,  
Men of his Robe are seldom guilty of  
these restitutions, but who can help it?  
If I knew any handsome way to serve him,  
He has oblig'd me.

*Exit.*

*Musick, a Song.*

*Enter Doct.*

*Doct.* He'll shame us all,  
He's zealously perswading the poor Gentleman  
to dye with all speed, and tells him stories  
of Heaven, what a fine place it is, and what

Excellent company the Angels are ;  
 What a base Prison to a noble Soul  
 The world is, nothing right under the Moon,  
 Or worth a manly thought ; and presently  
 He courts my Lady, and falls into such raptures  
 In her commendation. The Gentleman  
 (Whose Crisis is not desperate, if I  
 Have any Judgement) smiles at his folly.  
 They'r both here,

*Enter Traverso and Honorio.*

*Tra.* He's a Gentleman, whose condition,  
 And as he has relation to your favours,  
 May invite some passion : But you are wiser  
 Than to condemn your self to solitude,  
 And for his absence to despise mankind ;  
 Be just for your own sake, and Madam, look  
 Beyond his Hearse, with pity on the living,  
 \*Mongst which, you cannot want, as just admirers  
 And some that may be worth your second thoughts

*Hon.* What mean you Sir ?

*Tra.* I mean your second choice.

*Hon.* This language makes your Charity suspect

*Doff.* You are too violent, leave us a while.

*Ex. 1*

*Hon.* Your friend is full of counsel.

*Doff.* You have goodnes,

To place an innocent sense upon his language,  
 I know he has much honour to your person,  
 And 'tis sometimes as necessary, to  
 Advise the living to preserve their health,  
 Which their immoderate sorrows would consume  
 As cure the languishing patient.

*Ex.*

*Enter Travers hastily.*

*Tra.* Now Madam,  
Your grief is useless to him, he is dead.

*Hon.* Dead?

*Doll.* She Faints.

*Tra.* A blessed Opportunity!  
There is a Coach at door will hold us all,  
My dearest Esculapian, help, and finde  
A bounty will deserve it,

*They carry in Honorio.*

---

E 3

ACT

# ACT IV.

*Enter Traverse.*

*Tra.* **I** Have secur'd the person of *Honor<sup>a</sup>*,  
At my Mannor in the Countrey, who  
believes

Her *Alworth* dead, and must be allowed some time  
For that digestion. I have made known  
My self, and the affection which engag'd me.  
But though my Lady *Mammon* have a place  
Beneath her in my thoughts; on better counsel,  
I think it wisdom to preserve my interest  
In her, already mine by her consent,  
And the great plea of Law, Possession.  
If I can make the Lady *Honor<sup>a</sup>* sure,  
She shall be my wife, and that my Concubine,  
Rare, Excellent !

*Enter Dash.*

*Dash.* Oh Sir, y<sup>e</sup> are welcome home.

*Tra.* Thou look'st with a warp'd face.

*Dash.* You can resolve me,  
Is there no case, wherein a man, without  
Impeachment to his Credit or his Conscience,  
May be allowed to hang himself ?

*Tra.*



*Tra.* What's the matter?

Thou art not desperate?

*Das.* I know not, but

I finde some inclinations to Hemp.

You are my Master, I may be concern'd

To follow a good example.

*Tra.* Leave your fooling,

How does my Lady *Mammon*?

*Da.* There's the business.

My Lady Mammon is Sir---

*Tra.* What, what is she?

*Das.* She is my Lady *Mammon*, yet I lye,

She is not mine, I would she were your Worships,

I know you will be mad, but it must out,

My Ladies gone.

*Tra.* Ha?

*Das.* Run quite away Sir,

With a glib Gentleman came to visit her,

And the young spirit that did wait upon her.

Without much ceremony, she would have your

Worship

Provide more locks, and keys, and bars, and bolts.

I tell you Sir, Verbatim, for a need

I have it all in pedescript.

*Tra.* Mammon gone?

*Das.* What think you Sir, of a *ne Exeat Regnum*?

*Tra.* Gone? my vexation? no pursuit will reach her,

Give her the start, and she'll out-strip the Devil.

These things will turn me wild, but that's no cure,

I must be a man again, and tame this passion,

Her loss may have recompence, if *Honorio*

Can yet be gain'd, my hopes are full of blossom,  
I'll return instantly, come you along Sir,

*Enter Men carrying burthens of Money.*

What are these? ha? 'tis money, whence I pray  
Comes all this Treasure?

1. From the City Sir.

*Tra.* But whether goes it?

1. Do you not observe

Us march in rank and file, this money goes

To mainrain many honest Gentlemen

That want it, that will fight, and do fine things

For all our goods; you are a fool I see,

And do not know the Law.

*Tra.* What Law?

1. Club Law.

*Tra.* How's that?

1. The Cannon Law, do I speak loud enough?  
The Gentlemen behinde will tell you more;

*Enter Fulbank and Citizens, other men waiting with  
Bags of money.*

*Tra.* I like not this: let us to horse immediately.

*Exit.*

*Ful.* 'Tis high time, that we tame the insolence,  
Of this long Robe, these Princes of the Law  
Will invade all our Liberties and Fortunes.

1. *Cit.* Presume to take our Lady *Mammon*  
from us?

*Ful.* And as I hear, she's closely hurried

To

To a Castle in the Countrey, made a Prisoner.

2. *Cit.* I should consent the City be still great,  
And our names spread, like our ambitions,  
But we not prudently consider, whom  
We trust with our revenge---

*Ful.* Our Mercenaries,  
Who findes 'em buff, and iron, and when they  
Come lame and halting home, who shall provide  
'em

Good Hospitals, and old shirts to make lint on?  
When we please, we can scatter all the Regiments,  
If we but rein our purses.

1. *Cit.* I am clear  
There is no other way to carry on  
The work, the sword strikes Terror, and who  
knows,

The body of the Law being vast, and powerful,  
Might (if not timely thus prevented) raise  
Considerable strength and opposition.  
But thus we stifle all, and having once  
Recovered *Mammon*, we are Princes.

*Omnes*, Princes!

*Enter Colonel, and Captain Squanderbag:*

*Sqn.* Where shall we dine Colonel? I ha lost  
My credit at the Ordinary, this Town  
think is onely scituate to starve in.  
What are these?

*Col.* They have City faces.

*Squa.* And are a thought too handsome to be Ser-  
jeants,

They have serious eyes upon us, and move to us.

*Col.*

*Col.* Would you with me Gentlemen?

*Ful.* Yes Sir, with you.

*2 Cit.* May I take boldness Sir, to ask your name?

*Squa.* My name?

*2 Cit.* For no harm Sir, you are a Souldier,  
And I presume have had commands.

*Squa.* What then Sir, keep off.

*2 Cit.* I come in friendship, and mean all  
Civilities to your person: De'e want money?

*Squa.* Would you have your pate broke?  
For such a foolish question to a Gentleman?  
I do want money Sir, you wo'not furnish me.

*2 Cit.* Do not mistake your self, come hither  
firrah,

VWill this do you much harm?

*Squa.* Harm! pray be covered. Miracles! De'e  
know

VWhat you have done?

*2 Cit.* An act of Justice,  
To call it Charity, would stain your honour,  
I look for no security.

*Squa.* Not a note under my hand never to pay you,  
VWhat must I do for all this Sir? whose throat  
VWould you have cut now? these fine Devils  
Must do something.

*2 Cit.* Buy you new cloarhes, a better sword,  
The Leather of your boots are of two families,  
You may want linnen too, get fresh, and part  
VVith bosom friends.

*Squa.* I have more stowage.

*2 Cit.* And I'll employ it, at your service Sir,

*He gives him another  
bag.*

*Squa.*

*Squa.* VVhat will become of me?

*2 Cit.* Nay Sir, I must tell you,  
Y'are like to have more of this.

*Squa.* Has he no cloven foot?  
This is the rarest Citizen!

*Enter Colonel, Fulbank,*

*2 Cit.* De'e hear Sir?

VVe are making of our VVill, and in the humour  
That now predominates, that Gentleman  
May be the Curies heir.

*Squa.* VVere it not pity this should be a dream  
now?

*Ful.* You have commission, and full instructions,

Be sure you do not pinch to spare our purses,  
Our Money grows, we are fain to weed the silver,  
Our men are rank, and rot upon the stalk  
For want of cutting, every drum-stick is  
A Lime-twig, they are mad for innovations,  
Pray know my brother Sir.

*Salute*

*Col.* I am his faithful servant.

*2 Cit.* One of the Birds, that keep the Capitol,  
Our feathers are all at your service Gentlemen,  
VVhen you have pluck'd and pick'd us well, you  
may

Give order for our roasting, we are rame Sir.

*Squa.* Beshrew me an understanding fellow.

*Ful.* VVe have no more to say, 'tis the Publique  
cause,

Bring *Mammon* home, and we will rout the Laws.

*1 Cit.*

*Cit.* And so we'll pray for you.

*Col.* For your selves Gentlemen, I do conceive  
VVe shall do well enough.

*Exeunt F. & C.*

*Captain Squanderbag,*

VVhat think you of this change? silver comes in  
Upon us like a Sea.

*Squa.* An ebb must be expected, I hate naturally  
This metal of the Moon, 'tis a pale flood,  
VVould I were in *Pactolus* streams, or *Tagus*,  
There were a lasting Element.

*Col.* VVhat do you  
Think of these Golden Images?

*Squa.* I honour the bright sons of *Sol*.

*Col.* Pity these Gentlemen should want Circum-  
VVar,  
They take such pains, and pay so heartily,  
VVe have much to do o'th sudden.

*Squa.* This long peace  
Hath made us tame i'th world, let e'm now pay  
'fort.

*Col.* VVe are emergent from our shades, let  
rife,  
VVith subtil motion, treasure makes men wise.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Phantasm, Masl'n, Contrey-men.*

*Phan.* She has gull'd the Lawyer too.

*Mas.* Most excellent,  
I do adore her wit, and will she visit  
The Countrey, ha? come neerer,

*Phan.* I have repented Sir, my past neglect?

And made this satisfaction by my Counsel,  
 Which has prevail'd, and now she comes to you  
 Sir,

With pure affection to your self, the Lady  
*Mammon* is onely yours.

*Mas.* Did you hear that?  
 The Emptress of the world is coming hither  
 To me, with pure affection to my person,  
 We are her Vassals.

*Phan.* 'Cause the times are dangerous  
 Sir, she comes private, but one Gentleman  
 That knows not her design, I ever thought  
 You were born to be a great man.

*Mas.* We'll go forth to meet her.

*Phan.* By no means Sir, 'twas her desire,  
 You should be onely thus prepar'd, I'll tell her.

*Exit. Phan.*

*Mas.* 'Tis my happiness,  
 Shall I be at last a *Dominus fac totum*?  
 There's Latin for you Neighbours, I am inspir'd  
 With Languages, with all things, and you shall,  
 The poorest Copiholder of my Tenants  
 Be allow'd a Concubine.

1. Whaw! then we shall  
 Be Turks Sir.

*Mas.* Turks? the Turks a Civil Gentleman.

2. But no Christiam.

*Mas.* Ye'e are a fool, we  
 Must all come to't if the times hold, and my  
 Deer *Mammon* stay with us.

1. Bless me a Turk!

4. Is that such a matter; why you, and I,  
 And the best on us, are but Turks, if you

Take

Take us one way.

1. I grant, as we are brethren, and  
Turks, another way, and worse—

*Mas.* Let me see, how shall I consume my  
wealth?

1. VVhat think you of building Sir a Church?

*Mas.* A Church? and give it my own name to  
save

A Consecration, No, no, I must do  
Something to shame the Chronicles.—silence,  
I'll build another Town in every County,  
In midst of that, a most magnificent Colledge,  
To entertain men of most eminent wit,  
To invent new Religions.

1. That were excellent, we want Religion  
extreamly.

*Mas.* Can none of you invent? I think I must  
Keep men in pension to project me ways  
To spend my gold.

2. Pave all the high-way with't,  
'Twould be excellent for Travellers.

*Mas.* I'll pave a street, that shall run cross the  
Island,

From Sea to Sea, with Pearl build a bridge  
From *Dover* Cliff to *Callis*.

1. A Draw-bridge?

4. This may be done, but I am of opinion  
VVe shan't live to see't.

*Mas.* 'Twon't be want of money, but of time,  
Meer time, to finish it; my Lady *Mammon*,  
Believe it, can do all things; for your parts,  
But think what you would have, I say no more:  
If she smile but upon you, you are made,

And



And may go sleep, and when you wake, run  
mad  
VVith telling of your money---ha? 'tis she.

*Enter Mammon, Alamoche and Phantasma.*

I Charge you kneel, and kiss her hand,  
My Lady *Mammon*!

*Ala.* How's this?

*Mas.* VVelcome to my heart, Madam.

*Al.* Is my Lady in earnest?

*Mam.* You have done me Sir a favour, I'm at  
home,

And disingage your further service; I  
VVish you a fair retreat.

*Ala.* Do you hear Madam?

You will not thus reward me, after all  
My travel and attendance?

*Mam.* 'Tis my meaning,  
Nor will it Sir, be safe to lose much time,  
These have a natural antipathy  
To men of your fine making.

*Phan.* 'Tis *Alamoche* the Courtier,  
VVhom my Lady has onely made her property,  
To be part of her convoy.

*Ala.* You wo't marry him?

*Mam.* I think I sha'll not,  
I must not be confin'd, while there is ayr,  
And men to change.

*Mas.* How Master Courtier?

*Phan.* They'll toss him in a blanker.

*Mas.* As long as you please Madam, he's wel-  
come,

And

And he shall eat, if you frown, he must vanish;  
 Or I have Canibals that will devour him;  
 VVith his sword, boots treble tann'd, and spurs up-  
 on 'em.

*Ala.* Sure I dream, but Madam  
 You wo'not play the Cockatrice thus wo'me.

*Mam.* If you will stay, upon your good beha-  
 viour;

I may dispense some private favour—

*Ala.* Good, excellent VVhore, I'll stay to observe  
 her humor.

*Mas.* I'll be your guide Madam,  
 On, go before, and bid 'm ring the bells,  
 For bonfires, 'twill be time enough at night  
 To burn up all the Villages about us.

*Ala.* Indeed it shall be yours: Sir, you are too  
 civil.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Travers, and Dash the Clark;*

*Tra.* Intreat my Lady hither, and attend her,  
 I did embrace too much, *Mammon* is lost,  
 If my stars prosper my ambition  
 To *Honoria*, I forgive their future influence.

*A Discovery of Treasures and  
 Jewels.*

Here is a blaze to melt a frozen soul.

*Enter*

*Enter Honoria.*

*Hon.* VVhat is my Jaylors pleasure with his Prisoner?

*Tra.* That character doth wound your servant, Madam,

I am your Prisoner, by the fate of Love,  
Condemnd to everlasting chains, my heart  
Consumes at every frown, and I beg now  
Not to be happy owner of that beauty,  
Since you decree my Exile, but to dye,  
Collect up so much terrour in a look,  
And from that Throne of Majestie, your eyes,  
Dart forth a flame of wrath to high, it may  
Turn me to ashes, I'll submit your Sacrifice.

*Hon.* I have no thoughts so impious, to destroy  
A life that may be happy, if you be not  
Your own Tormenter.

*Tra.* Those words have a sound of mercy, Madam.

*Hon.* Cruelty and honour  
Are inconsistent.

*Tra.* I taste Heaven,  
Already, a warm stream descends upon  
My timorous heart; Oh pause, let me consider  
How much I am behinde in worth, to know  
What change hath blest it.

*Hon.* Change?

*Tra.* Let me but touch  
Your white hand, were my breath the Treasure  
Of all the East, no other Altar should

F

Have

Have Incense, I am lost to finde the sweetness.

*Salutes her*

For every smile I drop a Pearl, these Diamonds  
Are pale, and beg a lustre from your Eyes,  
VVear them, and be their ornament: I'll rifle  
My Indies for more wealth, and when I have,  
With giving up my soul, purchas'd a kiss  
Of bright *Honorio*, from my dust at one,  
One pitying look upon me, I ascend  
A new Creation from your Eye.

*Hon.* What means

This rapture? what would all this passionate noise?  
Expound, I am still *Honorio*.

*Tra.* Oh say but mine.

*Hon.* Sir, shut up your shop,  
Your gay temptations wo'not take.

*Tra.* Isn't possible?

Not all this treasure buy one kiss?

*Hon.* A thousand,

From those that have a subtil art to sell them:  
Why do you trifle with your soul? Intent  
That carry honour, need not bribe with wealth  
To purchase nothing.

*Tra.* I can love you vertuously.

*Hon.* By that love be commanded then, to  
me

How have you dispos'd of *Alworths* dust, who  
was I

Surpris'd dishonourably, and transported  
Against my own thoughts and consent, to this  
Unhappy place? and immur'd up like  
Some guilty person, not allow'd the freedom  
Of ayre, nor to see heaven at all, but from

The narrow limits of a Cazement? can you  
Interpret this affection? 'tis tyrannie,  
That must without a penitence draw from heaven  
A justice, and from me (by you-made miserable)  
A just contempt of all your flatteries.

*Tra.* There are some men i'th world, that would  
not think  
You handsom in that look, and make you tremble.

*Hon.* You dare not be so impious.

*Tra.* When my love,  
That courts you honourably is scorn'd, I can  
Be angry, had I wanton thoughts about me,  
As some may mix with flesh and blood, you are  
Within my power.

*Hon.* That power is circumscrib'd,  
You have confin'd already this poor weight  
Of Dust I carry, but if blacker thoughts  
Tempt you to force my honour, I can call  
Rescue from heaven.

*Tra.* What needs this bravery? you see I use  
No violence, I court you to a Bride.

*Hon.* My vows once gave me up a pledge to *Al-*  
*worth,*

And my heart cut out for his Epiraph,  
Will not contain one Character beside.

*Tra.* I play my self to death in flames unpittied;  
Resolve, nor look for tedious considerings;  
If I may honourably succeed your *Alworth,*  
His soul had not a purer faith to serve you,  
If this be slighted.

*Enter Dash the Clerk,*

*Daf.* Help, help, we are all undone, O Sir, where  
is

Your two handed sword?

*Tra.* Thou Messenger of Horror, what's the matter?

*Daf.* The Castle is besieged, and the Beacons burn  
blue Sir.

The Devil's up in Arms, and comes against us  
With the whole *posse Comitatus*! they  
Will pull the house down, they have broke into  
The base Court, Heaven protect my *Pia mater*.  
I did but peep out of the Garrat, and  
One Souldier swore a huge Granado at me.  
They cry down with the Laws, and if they have not  
*Honorio* found of wind and limb, they'll cut  
us,

Sir, into Labels. Would I had compounded  
For any leg, or my left arm; but now,  
Now farewell comely Court-hand, and long Dashes  
Do you not hear the Mandrakes? what do you do  
Sir?

I'll into the Cellar straight, and bar the door;  
And if there be no remedy, ere they reach me,  
I'll drink, and dye a Martyr.

*Tra.* I am blasted! stay,  
There is a close contrivement in this Chamber,  
Madam, will you retreat, and save your person?  
This way sirrah.

*Exit*

*Daf.*

*Dash.* De'e think they will not smell us out? I fear

My constitution wo'not hold.

*Souldiers within.*

Down with the Laws & *custos Rotularum*,  
Fico for Writs and Mous-Traps.

*Enter Officers, General, and Fulbank.*

*Off.* Make a guard Souldiers.

*Ful.* I am come Sir, to see fashions.

*Col.* You finde us drudging Sir, in your affairs,  
Captain, I leave him to your entertainment,  
That face deserves a reverence.

*Hon.* 'Tis the Colonel,  
But he looks more compos'd, and carries state.

*Col.* Madam.

*Ful.* And how go things, my Military friends?  
My gallant men of action? you are now  
In sprightly postures, and become your selves,  
What pitty 'tis, men of your noble soul  
Should want employment.

*Squa.* We must all acknowledge  
Your care of us.

*Ful.* I honour'd your profession,  
Since I first handled Arms.

*Squa.* What service, with your favour, have you  
seen?

*Ful.* Hot service, I was knock'd down thrice, and lost  
My beard at taking of a Fort in *Finsbury*,  
And when I had my Marshal trinkets on,

I thought my self as brave a *Macedonian*  
As the best on e'm. But where's the Lady *Mam-*  
*mon?*

*Col.* Surprized? and ever since a Prisoner?  
He is not worth my passion, this room  
Has in your presence a protection.  
I take your word, you wo'not quit the place  
Without your servants knowledge, Madam, but  
If the lie Enemy of your honour, think  
By obscuring his base head, to fly our Justice,  
When you are safe, I'll fire the house upon him.

*Daf.* Here, here we are, fire, fire,

*Tra.* Be silent Villain.

*Daf.* Yes, and be burnt alive, I cannot finde the  
door.

*Col.* From whence that voice?

*Daf.* 'Tis here, 'tis here, I hate burning, as  
I do the Devil, and a dry Proverb, help.

*Squa.* The Lawyers here.

*Tra.* Gentlemen use no violence, I'll come forth  
And meet your fury.

*Cap.* What are you firrah?

*Daf.* A poor Court-hand practiser.

*Cap.* The choice is given, whether thou wilt be  
hang'd

At the next tree, or have your ears cut off?

*Daf.* My ears, my ears by any means Gentle-  
men,

Hanging will make a villainous long Dash.

Once crop'd, and twice a Traytor, sweet Gentle-  
men,

Delicate Commanders.

*Tra.* Time has brought

Your



Your turn about, by your respects to honour,  
I see your soul is noble ; though I cannot  
Dye at my own choice, I can make a will,  
And dispose some Legacies, rich Jewels, Sir,  
Plate, Gold, and Silver.

*Ful.* All this I lay claim to,  
They were the Lady *Mammons*, in whose right  
I challenge all, I take those to my custodie.

*Col.* How ? How ? Marshal take him to yours.

*Ful.* Me to the Marshal ? that were pretty, me ?

*Mar.* Come Sir---

*Ful.* How ? I beseech one word, have you forgot  
me Sir ?

*Col.* Your name is *Fulbank*.

*Ful.* Plain *Fulbank* ? it was I,  
Did in those days bring in the good advance.

*Col.* You did, your duty Marshall---

*Ful.* I ha done Sir,

*Col.* So have not I, secure his person too,  
Safe, as your life will answer it.

*Enter one with a Letter.*

Letters, whence ? ha ?  
From *Alamode* ?

*He reads:*

*Alworth Discovers himself to Honoriam, Squanderbag observes them.*

He writes where a party of horse may handsomely  
Secure the Lady *Mammon*, give him a reward,  
Make it your province Captain, you will finde  
Directions in that paper. *Whispers.*

*Squa.* Sir, I have observ'd  
That Gentleman with the black-patch uncase  
His eye once to my Lady, there's some mysterie,  
I do not like it.

*Col.* Some spie: when I walk off, command him  
to the  
Guard till further order.

Madam, I call it my first happiness,  
That I am in a capacity to serve you,  
And you shall order your own justice.

*Hon.* What will they do with that young Gentle-  
man?

*Col.* She mindes not me.

*Hon.* Your pardon.

*Col.* Give me favour to attend you,  
With whom my soul desires to be renew'd,  
Your faithful honourer, march on.

*Ex. Co. &c.*

*Alw.* I obey you.

*Squa.* You will know the cause hereafter, and us  
better,

VWhen

When both your eyes are open.

*Pulls of the Patch.*

*Cap.* Thou hast cur'd him : de'e know us Sir ?

*Alw.* I know yea ll.

*Squa.* What are we ?

*Alw.* You're all close fires, in want of aire kept  
tame,

But know no bounds, let loose into a flame.

*Squa.* We'll teach you better Morals Sir, Come  
on.

*Exeunt omnes.*

---

ACT

## ACT. V.

*Enter Squanderbag and a Captain.*

*Cap.* **H**is thoughts are all now taken up with  
Courtship  
*To Honorio.*

*Squa.* You may see Captain,  
A handsome piece of flesh and blood may do much,  
When there's no other enemy i'th the field.

*Cap.* What will be done with the Gentleman was  
carried  
To the guard?

*Squa.* The stranger with a black Eye?  
He's fast enough, and will have opportunity  
Of place and time, to cool his hot devotions,  
If our Commander in chief march on thus.

*Enter Serjeant and Souldiers.*

*Ser.* Are not these pretty hand Granado's, Gentle  
men?

*1 Sol.* Fire to the fuze, and tofs some health about.

*2 So.* Come away, to my Colonel, honest Squanderbag.

*Squa.* Ha? these are my Scythians, mark those  
fellows Captain,

*Cut* them in pieces like so many Adders,  
They'l joyn agen, i'th compass of an acre,  
Their limbs will creep together, and march on  
To the next Rendevouz without a halt.

*2 Ser.* This is Spanish.

*Squa.*

*Ler.* Draw home your arrow to the head, my Centaure.

1. *So.* Mine is French Wine.

3 *So.* You must take your chance,  
The Yeoman of the wine-seller did not  
Provide 'em for our palate.

2 *So.* *Supernaculum!*

See, there lies *Spain* already, now would I fight---

*Ser.* Drink thou mean'st.

2 *Sol.* With any King in *Europe*.

Do not spill your Ammunition; ah Serjeant,  
This was excellent Drink.

1 *So.* Who wants my Colonel?

2. *So.* I want it, tope, give me't.

*Ser.* He'l ha't agen?

2 *So.* The to'ther charge, and then we'll over-run  
Christendom, Sa, sa:

When y've done with Christendome, what shall  
Become o'th Heathen Princes?

2 *So.* We'll put the Heathen Princes in a bag.

*Ser.* A bottle thou meanest, he's all for drink.

2 *So.* And after, roast the Great Turk with his  
Bashaws,

Like a pudding in's belly.

*Squa.* Thou Boy!

*Ser.* There he is for eating.

*Ser.* Dost know what thou hast said now? but  
What shall be done with the Jews?

2 *Sol.* They are included,

And go upon the score of Modern Christians,  
There sha' not a Nation scape us.

*Squa.* These are the men,

The tools, that cut our Triumph out o'th quarry.

*Cap.*

*Cap.* They will deserve their pay.

*Squa.* Oh pay is necessary, use it now and then;  
Like Phisick, it keeps the Souldier in health  
And expectation, they must fight for honour  
Some-times.

*1 So.* Tobacco, hey ?

*Ser.* Here boys, a Magazine, with pipes attending,  
VWhite as my Ladies tooth; and shining more  
Then forehead of *Dulcinea de Toboso*.

*4 So.* A Souldier's a brave life.

*3 So.* 'Tis cheap, all these things come to us by  
nature.

*Ser.* Our Colonel.

*Squa.* I'll cashier him that rises, keep your po-  
tures,

We are all Souldiers, and can sit and drink we'e,  
To your Arms Gentlemen agen, ha ? this is wine.

*Ser.* We have the modest gift of drinking, Sir,  
Without inquiry of the Grape or Vintage,  
Or from what Merchant.

*Squa.* Is not this better than a tedious Prentiship,  
Bound by Indentures to a shop and drudgerie,  
Watching the Rats, and Customers by Owl light?  
Ti'd to perpetual language of, What lack ye ?  
Which you pronounce, as ye had been taught like  
Sterlings.

If any Gudgin bire to damn your souls  
For less than sixpence in the pound. Oh base !  
Your glittering shoes, long graces, and short meals  
Expecting but the comfortable hour  
Of eight a clock, and the hot Pippin-pies,  
To make your mouth up ? all the day not suf-  
fered.

To aire your selves, unless your minikin Mistress  
 Command you to attend her to a Christning,  
 To bring home plums, for which they may relieve  
 Your teeth that water, with her next suppositorie.  
 You have some Festivals, I confess; but when  
 They happen, you run wilde to the next Village,  
 Conspire a knot, and club your groats apiece  
 For Cream and Prunes, not daring to be drunk,  
 Nothing of honour done, now y<sup>e</sup> are Gentlemen,  
 And in a capacitie to be all Commanders, if you dare  
 fight,

1 *S.* Fight? you know we dare, Sir,  
 And with the Devil.

2 *Squa.* In hope you wo't not give him quarter,  
 There's money, do not purchase Earth, nor Heaven  
 with it.

I must away, remember the two things.

1 *So.* The two Dees.

*Squa.* Drink, and your Duty, so,  
 Now as you were---

2 *So.* Noble Colonel,

*Exit.*

Let me kiss thy hand, I am thine body and soul.

3 *So.* But will you fight with the Devil?

2 *So.* Why not?

3 *So.* So will not I.

2 *So.* Wo't not you fight with the Devil, and one  
 of

Our Regiment?

3 *So.* Not I?

1 *So.* Perhaps the Devil is his friend.

3 *So.* And yet in a good cause--

2 *So.* He wo't not fight with you then, base, I say,  
 To

To take advantage of the cause, or person :  
 Fight upon any cause with any person.  
 Heark you Serjeant, you do know our Duties  
 Better than we our selves, what do we fight for !  
 Silence the first word of Command, let us  
 Be serious, what, what do we fight for ?

*Ser.* For pay, for pay, my Bull-rooks.

*2 So.* Laye now,  
 Can any Christian Officer say more ?

*Ser.* Hang these Intergatories,  
 And give us to'her charge to'th man i'th Moon.

*2 So.* All, all give fire together, Oh for a noise  
 Of Trumpets.

*Drums beat.*

*1 So.* Here are Drums.

*Ser.* The General is coming this way, to your  
 Arms  
 Skud ye Metropolitans.

*Enter Colonel, Squanderbag, Captain and  
 Alamo.*

*Ala.* Sir, I congratulate your honourable  
 Employment.

*Col.* And I your noble presence here.

*Ala.* I could not with my Rhetorick invite  
 My Ladie hither ?

*Col.* I sent you a part y--

*Ala.* Yes Sir,  
 Your men of rank and file do carry still

*The*



The strong persuasions, they prevail'd with her.  
I left her to the Guard.

*A shout;*

*Col.* The reason of that Clamor?

*Cap.* The Souldiers, Sir, exprefs their joy thus  
loud,

That Ladie *Mammon* is brought in, the Guard  
Hardly secure her person.

*Col.* Give her fair access,  
On pain of death, be none uncivil to her,  
This service will deserve a memory,  
And publique thanks, all our design did reach  
But to gain her.

*Ala.* The work will be to keep her,  
The Gipsie has more windings than a Serpent,  
The Moon is not more changing.

*Enter Mammon, Phantasie,  
Guard.*

*Col.* Is this she?

*Phan.* Madam, I'll take my leave;

*Mam.* Forfake me in this  
Condition?

*Phan.* If I could expect a worse  
Would fall upon you, Madam, I'd not part yet.

*Mam.* How?

*Phan.* For I can tell you, what will follow in-  
stantly,  
And it does please my wickedness extreamly,  
The next pay-day you will be torn in pieces,

Oh

Oh 'twill be excellent sport, ha, ha, ha.

*Mam.* And canst thou laugh Villain? Secure him  
Souldiers.

*Phan.* They will have work enough about your  
Ladiſhip.

I am going as nimbly as a ſpirit, Madam,  
And to your greater comfort, know I am one.

*Mam.* The Devil thou art.

*Phan.* Call'd by another name,  
Your evil Genius, to aſſure you that  
You have been all this while cozened, my dear  
Miſtreſs,

And that theſe colours are phantaſtick, ſee,  
I vaniſh into aire.

*Guard.* Preſto, was this your Devil, Madam?

*Mam.* Oh my miſfortune!

*Col.* Madam, your perſon is moſt welcome hi-  
ther.

*Mam.* I fear your Souldiers, Sir,

*Col.* You may be confident

Of ſafety from them, Madam, that fight for you,  
We are your guard, all wait upon my Ladie,  
And let your applications be with reverence;  
And ſee her entertainments high, and ſuch  
As may become my honour, and her perſon.

*Exit.*

What is there left addition to my happineſs?

*Mammon* and *Honoria* both within my power?

Ambition write *non ultra*, fix, fix here,

The two great darlings of mankind are mine,  
Both Excellent, and yet but one Divine.

Wealth is the nerves of VVar and VVir, without  
which

VVe

Ve are dull, and useless engines, *Mammon* leads  
To Conquest, and rewards our blood and watches,  
But honour is the lustre of all Triumph,  
The Glories that we wear are dim without her,  
Till she come in, the Lamp, our glorious flame,  
Ve grope our way i'th dark, and walk on crutches.  
Riches may shine, and Star-like grace the night,  
But Honour is the radiant soul of light.

*Exit.**Alworth in Prison.*

*Alw.* I almost could be angry with my fate,  
And call that care of my Physician  
Unkinde, that did remove my first distempers;  
I should have drop'd into the shades, and lost  
My memory, that flatters me to ruine.  
What's all this murmure? are these thoughts my  
own?

O is there some black spirit crept into  
My melancholy blood, that would corrupt  
That spring, by which my innocence should live?  
Hence, I command thee hence, thou dire Inchant-  
ment,

And let the vertues of *Honorio*  
Resume their throne within my soul, and strike  
Religious tremblings through every thought,  
Let I repine at Providence? She is here.

*Enter*

Enter Honoria, and Marshal.

Mar. This warrant must admit you.

Hon. There's for your Office, you may withdraw  
your self.

Mar. Your servant.

Hon. Oh my Alworth?

Alw. This humility

Transcends my hope and merit, I am now  
No more a Prisoner, since my better part  
(Enlarg'd by this your charitable visit)  
Hath freedom to behold my greatest happiness,  
Your self.

Hon. I am so full of joy  
To see thee alive, I cannot ask thee, how  
Thou wert preserv'd.

Alw. Heaven was not willing I  
Should die, till I had given you better proof  
How much I would deserve your smile upon me.

Enter Colonel and Marshal.

Mar. Here you may, undiscovered, Sir, observe  
'em.

Col. You may be gone, and wait at some fit  
stance.

Alw. My cure was hastned by your thoughts  
on me,

And my desires had wings to reach your person,

(For)

(For I was soon acquainted how you were  
Convey'd) and next my thoughts to kiss your  
hands, and I brought my resolutions of revenge  
Upon that Traitors head, that ravish'd ye  
So rudely from my eyes.

*Hon.* Prethee no more;  
But let our hearts renew, and seal a contract  
In sight of present storms; and I am now  
VWithout some hopes to change thy sad condition,  
For he, to whose commands thou owest this misery,  
Is pleas'd to say he loves me, and I can  
Employ his kindness to no better use  
Then thy Enlargement; if this prove unfortu-  
nate,

It shall at least diminish thy affliction,  
That I can bear a part, and suffer with thee.

*Alw.* Better I sink by many deaths, then you  
Engage your self to any unkinde Fate  
For me; I have crept newly from my dust,  
And can alone walk cheerfully to silence  
And the dark grave: But do you believe, Madam,  
This man looks on you with a noble flame?  
He's now a great man.

*Hon.* His affection  
In all the shews of honour, and such high  
Civilities flow from him.

*Alw.* Pause a little,  
And give me leave to tell you, as these seeds  
VVhat grow up, I cannot think a person  
Though many may be honourable) can  
Ever Deserve—

*Hon.* VVhat?

(For

G 2

*Alw.*

*Alw.* To be made Lord of this  
Fair Empire.

*Hon.* Did this language come from *Alworth*?  
That said he lov'd me?

*Alw.* Yes, with noblest fervor,  
My love commands it Madam, and I can  
In my true service to *Honorio*,  
Advise her to call home her noble beams,  
That shine to the discredit of her light  
On me, that would upon a worthier object  
Draw up more admiration to her brightness,  
And at the same time, by their influence shew  
The beauties of her better choice.

*Hon.* This language  
I understand not yet; can *Alworth* then  
Finde in his heart any consent, to give up  
His interest in *Honorio* to another?

*Alw.* Yes, when *Honorio* is concern'd to meet  
A greater happiness than *Alworth*, I  
Can make my self an Exile, which is but  
The justice of my love to her great merit.  
I am a trifle Madam, a thing meant  
Beneath your smile, a very walking shadow,  
And time will come, when you have shew'd  
all

The bounties of your grace, may seal'd them mine  
By the most holy character of marriage,  
Yet then I must forsake you, when my nerves  
Shrink up, when the weak flowings of my blood  
Cool in their channel, and same Nature  
me  
A spoil to death--

*Hon.* VVhy do you talk of death,  
So far off?

*Alw.* Though we do not hear him tread,  
Yet every minute he approaches, Madam;  
And give me leave to tell you, without flatter-  
ing

My self, I am in danger; first a Prisoner,  
Aspie they may pretend, but this will vanish.  
It is the title of your servant, Madam,  
Is both my honour, and my crime, nor can I  
VVave my relation to your favours: this  
Known to the man, under whose power we stand,  
His angrie breath may doom me to the scaffold,  
And I must then resign, nor will the act  
Be mine, but a constraint, and I then lose  
The glorie that may now be mine, to engage  
Him in your smiles, you in his love.

*Hon.* VVhen will this dream be over?

*Alw.* As for me,  
It shall be enough at distance to look on you  
VVith thoughts as innocent as your own, and if  
For the convenience of both our persons,  
One Earth must not contain us, do not think  
That I can wander, where I shall forget  
To tell the stranger world your storie, Madam;  
And when I have made all mankind, where I  
come,

Bow to your name, and taught 'em to repeat it  
In all their dangers, and their frights, to cure them,  
I will seek out some aire, that is infectious,  
VVhere no birds dare inhabit, or man build  
A cottage to repose his wearied head,  
And there I prophesie, by the vertuous charm

Of your blest name, to purge it, and as soon  
 As the great miracle is spread, to invite  
 The best of every Nation to live there,  
 And own you Tutelar Angel.

*Hon.* Fie, no more,  
*Alworth* now dreams indeed, but he more vainlie  
 Perswades me to forget my vows to him :  
 Is this a fear to die, or something like it ?  
 For I would give it fain some other name.

*Alw.* A fear to die, that arrow strikes too deep,  
 If you but think so, and wounds more, than all  
 The horror my destruction can appear in.  
 If I can entertain the thoughts of life  
 Without you, how much easier must it be  
 To die for your concernment ? I ha' not liv'd  
 After the rate to fear another world.  
 VVe come from nothing into life, a time  
 VVe measure with a short breath, and that often  
 Made tedious too, with our own cares that fill it,  
 VVhich like so many Aromes in a Sun-beam,  
 But crowd and juffle one another. All,  
 From the adored Purple to the Hair-cloth,  
 Must center in a shade, and they that have  
 Their vertues to wait on 'm, bravely mock  
 The rugged storms, that so much fright 'em here,  
 VVhen their souls lanch by death into a sea  
 That's ever calm.

*Hon.* This deserves my attention,  
 And you in this small lecture *Alworth*, have  
 Made me in love with death, who for thy sake  
 Can with my innocence about me, take  
 More satisfaction to bleed away  
 My life, than keep it, with the smallest stain

U pon



Upon my honour. This I speak, not to  
Court up your drooping thoughts to me, if I  
Be false, or have lost my first esteem—

*Alw.* Oh pardon, t<sup>h</sup> other syllable of this destroys  
me;

VWhat is there, can but make me worthy of  
Your faith? I am all, ever thine? The Colonel.

*Enter Colonel.*

*Col.* Expect a cloud to darken all your triumphs!

*Exit.*

*Hon.* His threats move me as little, as his love,  
Yet for thy sake I can be sad.

*Alw.* And I  
But only mourn for you.

*Enter Colonel with a Pistol, and Travers.*

He is return'd,  
And with him the first poisoner of our peace;  
VWhat horror next?

*Col.* Your happiness is now  
VWithin your reach, kill but that fellow, and  
Possess her by my gift, the act once done  
By my command secures thee.

*Hon.* He shall make  
His passage to thee through my heart.

*Tra.* I thank you  
For your great promise and employment, Sir,  
But take your tool again,

*Col.* Did you not love her?

*Tra.* Yes infinitely, but scorn your Hangman's  
Office:

I have done too much already; but if Madam,  
The memorie of my base surprize have not  
VVeig'd me down past all fathom of your mercy,  
I can ask you forgiveness in my heart,  
And suffer all his Tyrannie, to expiate  
My black offence to you, and to that Gentleman.

*Col.* Are you so resolute?

*Tra.* VVere I assur'd

There were no punishment to attend this murder  
Here, nor hereafter, could she pardon this  
Bloodie assassination, and *Atown*

Forgive me, when his soul is gliding through  
The purple stream, and mounting up to fill  
Some happie star, would she herself consent  
To be the great reward of the black deed,  
I should abhor the Parricide.

*Col.* Is't so? expect my next return.

*Exit*

*Lw.* Sir, you have shewn a penitence would  
strike

A marble through, and this return to pietie,  
Hath chang'd our anger into Admiration.

*Hon.* Sir, we have now no thoughts, but what are  
fil'd,

With a desire you call us to your friendship;

*Live*

*Honoris and Maumon*

Live happie, and adorn by your example  
Of justice, the most honoured robe you wear.

*Enter Colonel, Alameda, Fribank, Squanderbag and Maumon.*

*Col.* Nay ye shall witness all my resolution;  
Your hand, dear Madam, *Alworth* take from me  
Thy own *Honoris*, it were impious  
To keep you a minute longer in your fears,  
Your loves deserve my admiration, not  
My anger, and I cheerfully resign  
All my ambitions, live you happie both;  
As I am in this conquest of my self:  
I lov'd *Honoris* well, but justice better.  
But *Madam*, though you must be *Alworths* Bride,  
Yet give me leave to call you Mistress, I  
Can be your servant still, and by your influence  
Upon me, steer my actions, and keep  
My passions in as much obedience,  
As any Souldier I command, and *Alworth*  
Be you so just, to tell the world that takes  
Delight to snarl, and catch at every error  
In our profession: I am no enemy  
To Arts, but can take pleasure to reward  
Learning, with all due honour, be your self  
The example.

*Alw.* You are perfect  
In all that's noble, and it were a sin  
Not to proclaim it.

*Tra.* Sir, This act will crown  
Your name for ever.

*Col.*

*Col.* Make your peace with *Honorie*,  
*Hon.* 'Tis done, and we owe all we can call happy

To your justice, Sir. to Mammon.

*Col.* Madam, you look upon us through some cloud,  
 None should be worn this day, and here are some  
 Did wear the title of your servant. *Fulbank*—

*Ful.* Oh you are trulie noble, I ever honoured my  
 Ladies.

*Col. Travers*, *Alaniade*,

*Squa.* Please you to name me in the list, I can  
 Be as much a servant to this Ladie, as  
 The best of these.

*Col.* Stand forth, and plead your merits.

*Mam.* I excuse them.

Your pardon Sir, I think the best in all the  
 File unworthie of me.

*Col.* Plain truth, Gentlemen.

*Mam.* I could give reasons, but I have no humor  
 To spoil some reputations in publique.

*Ala.* I told you what a Gypsie 'twas.

*Mam.* Some may

Traduce my fame, and charge me with a levity  
 And frequent change, but I have been less constant,  
 Because I found no man had wit enough  
 To manage me, or worth enough to invire  
 The stay of my affections. I acknowledge  
 The Citizen doth promise fair, but breaks:  
 Lawyers are cunning, but I love not snares:  
 The Courtier has no care of his own body;  
 The Countrey-man had no wit but in his acres:  
 And for you, Sir, your name is *Squanderbag*,  
 What would you do with *Mammon*, cannot keep her?  
 Beside, these men had the bad luck to court me.

When

When I was swaid by an evil genius,  
Which now has left me. I see alreadie  
A nobler path, and till I finde a man  
Knows how to love, and govern me with temperance;  
I lay my self an humble servant at  
*Honorio's* feet; your pardon to my past  
Neglects, will make me cheerfull to attend you.

*Col.* Nay, since y<sup>e</sup> are come to be my fellow-servant,  
If you please, Madam, we may approach neerer;  
What think you of me, shall I present my self  
A servant to your favour?

*Mam.* Sir, you are pleasant.

*Col.* I shall be so, if you accept my service;  
Though I am a Souldier, I can love, and do  
All duties may become your worth and honour.

*Mam.* I blush to say how much I am unworthie,  
But I shall meet you honourably.

*Col.* A match, seal it.

*Salute.*

*Fal.* He has don't it compendiously; But Sir, you  
know—

*Col.* Yes, I know very well what you would say;  
But this fair Lady's mine, and I'll deserve her:  
Wealth has alreadie made you mad, we have been  
Out of the Sun a great while, I invite  
You all my guests to day, and Ladie *Mammons*,  
Do me that honour.

*Fal.* There is no remedie.

*Enter Maslin Strip'd.*

*Ala.* 'Tis well you scap'd with loss of *Mammon*.

*Col.* What anti-Masquers this?

*Mam.*

*Mam.* 'Tis Mr. *Maslin*.

*Cap.* This fellow woud not bend, and so they broke him.

*Mas.* You look like the Commander in chief Of this *Militia*.

*Col.* What then?

*Mas.* I have a suit to you.

*Col.* A suit? methinks y<sup>e</sup> are naked.

*Mas.* I know not, but on my knees I beg their pardon

That made me so, they plunder'd me so quaintly,  
They are the nimblest *Hocus Pocus's*  
That ere threw dice for hemp.

*Col.* I am glad they fitted you.

*Mas.* No Sir, it was the Tailor fitted me.

*Col.* So, and they unfitted you.

*Mas.* But with what art, how most compendiously

They made me an Adamire, Sir--

*Col.* Let's hear your wonder.

*Mas.* One ill look'd fellow did but swear an oath,  
And my hat flew up with the very wind of it,  
And fell upon a head, that stood bare for it  
Full three yards off:

Another did but squint upon my legs,

And my boots vanish'd with the spurs upon 'em;  
Cloak, doublet, jerkin, all convenient broad  
cloth,

Three pile of wool, went from me at one motion;

No bars nor buttons could prevail a minute,  
They broke into my bodie with that nimble

But

*Burglarie* ; I was undone 'e 'te I could wink :  
But when my narrow shirt came o're my shoul-  
ders,  
I thought 't had been my skin, at every twitch  
I roard, and gave my self gone for a Rabber  
For the next Officers supper.

*Col.* In good time.

*Maf.* But truth appear'd when I was strip'd, their  
charitie

Left me my breeches, but the good old gold  
Could not have leave to bear 'em companie,  
That was default'd miraculously by a Mirmidon  
That had lost both his hands--

*Ala.* Lost both his hands,  
How could he take your money?

*Maf.* With his stumps, Sir,  
He routed both my pockets with his stumps ;  
Oh the knack some men have to fetch our money.

*Col.* He is pleasant, see his wardrobe be re-  
stord.

*Maf.* Shall I be warm agen, Oh Madam--

*Squa.* Be not too sawcie, she is now exalted  
Above your sphere.

*Ful.* Oh Mr. *Maslin*, we are all undone.

*Maf.* So am I, they have not left me a shirt.

*Col.* All faults, where we have power this day, are  
pardon'd.

*Ala.* Happiness crown your loves !

*Col.* Now to the Priest,

Whose work is onely wanting to confirm us :

*Alworth*, lead on your fairest Bride, remember

We are both servants to *Honorin*.

*Alw.*





THE  
CONTENTION  
OF  
AJAX and ULYSSES,  
FOR THE  
ARMOR of ACHILLES.

AS

It was nobly represented by young Gentlemen of quality, at a private Entertainment of some persons of Honour.

---

WRITTEN

By *JAMES SHIRLEY.*

---

LONDON,

Printed for *John Crook*, at the sign of the ship in  
S. Pauls Church-yard.

## The Speakers.

Ajax Telamon.

Ulysses.

Agamemnon.

Diomedes.

Menelaus.

Nestor.

Calchas.

Thersander.

Polybrontes, a small Souldier.

Lysippus } Pages.

Didimus }

Souldiers.

Attendants.

C

Th

Did

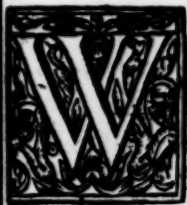
A P  
L  
In su  
Box

THE  
 CONTENTION  
 OF  
 AJAX and ULYSSES  
 FOR  
 The ARMOUR of ACHILLES.

---

*Didimus, Ulysses his Page, Lyfippus, Ajax his Page,*

*Di.*



Hy how now Insolence?

*Lyfippus justles Di-  
 dimus.*

*Ly.* You know me Sir?

*Di.* For one that wants good  
 manners; yes, I know  
 Your name, and best relation,  
 you attend

A Page on *Ajax Telamon.*

*Ly.* And you  
 In such an office wait upon *Ulysses*,  
 But wish this difference, that I am your better,

H 3

In

In reference to my Lord, as he exceeds  
Your Master both in Fortitude and Honour :  
Therefore I take this boldness to instruct  
Your diminutive Worship in convenient duties,  
And that hereafter when you see me pass,  
You may descend, and vail, and know fit distance.

Dy. To you descend, and vail ? to you ? poor  
Rat !

Is he not poison'd, that he swells so strangely :  
I would bestow this admonition, that  
You talk within your limits, I may finde  
A pity for your folly, while you make  
Comparisons with me, but let your tongue  
Preserve a modestie, and not dare to name  
My Lord, without a reverence, and not  
In the same week your Master is in mention,  
Least I chastise you.

Ly. Ha, ha, prodigie !

The Monkey grins, the Pigmie would be Ramp-  
ant :

Sirrah, 'tis I pronounce, if you have  
A minde to lose one of your lugs, or quit  
Some teeth that stick impertinent in your gums,  
Or run the hazard of an eye, or have  
Your hanches kickt into a gentle collace,  
Or tell your Master, in whose cause you have  
Deserv'd a cudgell'ng, and merited  
A crutch to carry home your broken bodie ;  
Talk on, and when it is too late, you may  
Repent your impudence.

Di. Mightie man of Gingerbread !  
Is not your name *Lysippus* ? what mad Dog  
Has bit thee ; thou art wilde, hast lost thy senses ?

Ly.

*Ly.* You'l finde, I have not.

*Di.* Is all this in earnest?

And hast thou so much ignorance, to think

That lump of flesh, thy Master (a thing meant

By nature for a flail, and bang the sheafs)

Is fit to be in competition

With the wise Prince of *Ithaca*? whose name

Shines like a Constellation throughout *Greece*,

And is lookt at with admiration

By friends and enemies? for shame retract

Thy gross opinion, it is possible

Thou maist retrieve thy lost wits,

*Ly.* Verie well

Then, you do think my little spawn of Policie,

That your slie Master, the oyl-tongu'd *Nyffes*,

Will win the prize to day, *Achilles* Armour;

And that the Kinglie Judges, and grave Coun-  
sel

Will give it against *Ajax*.

*Di.* In true wisdom,

As to the best deserver.

*They fight.*

*Ly.* Dandiprat.

*Enter Calchas.*

*Cal.* Remove your selves, and pettie diffe-  
rences,

This place is meant the scene for a contention

Between the valiant *Ajax Telamon*,  
 And the far fam'd *Ulysses*, who shall best  
 Merit to wear the great *Achilles* Arms:  
 Methinks I see Heavens mightie windows open,  
 And those great souls, whom noble actions here  
 Translated to take place among the Stars:  
 Look down, and listen with much expectation  
 Of this daies glorie. The rough winds (least they  
 Should interrupt the plea of these Competitors)  
 Stand close committed in their horrid caves,  
 And *Phabus* drest in all his brightest beams,  
 Curls in his Steeds to stay, to wait upon  
 The great Decision.  
 Silence, no noise prophane this place, and may  
 The soul of wisdom be at this great Council.

*Enter Officers one after another, bearing the Pieces  
 of Achilles Armour, after them in state,  
 Agamemnon, Nestor, Menelaus, Diomedes,  
 Thersandex, &c.*

*Aga.* I need not, Grecian Princes, spend much  
 time  
 Or Language, in discoursing the occasion  
 Why this great Council hath been call'd; *Achilles*,  
 Whose very name will be enough to fill  
 The breath of fame, is here agen concern'd,  
 Nor can his honour'd ashes be without  
 Contention in his sacred Urn, until  
 The difference between these great Competitors  
 Be reconciled.

*Cap.* They both, great *Agamemnon*, are prepar'd,

And cheerful, as when Honour call'd them forth  
To fight, impatient of delay, or danger.

*Ag.* Attend them higher.

*Dis.* Let the Officers  
Take care the Souldiers press not past their limit.

*Enter before Ajax, his Page, bearing his Target.*

*Ajax* appears, with lightning in his eyes,  
His big heart seems to boil with rage.

*Me.* He was ever passionate:  
Here comes *Ulysses*.

*Enter Ulysses, with his Page, as before, he makes  
obeyance, and sets down in a Chair.*

A man of other temper, and as far  
From being transported with unhandsome anger,  
He seems to smile,

*Ag.* They have both deserv'd  
For their great service in this expedition,  
We should with calm, and most impartial souls  
Hear and determine; therefore, if you please,  
Because the hours are precious, I shall  
Desire them lose no time.

*Dis.* We all submit, and shall obey your prudence.

*Ag.*

*Ag.* You honour much:

Your *Agamemnon*--Princes then to you,  
I hope you have brought hither, with your persons,

Nothing but what your honours may consent too;  
Speak your selves freely then, these are your Judges,  
Who are not onely great in birth and titles,  
And therefore bring no thoughts to stain their honour,

But bound by obligation of one Countrey,  
Will love, and do your name and valours justice.  
There lies your great reward, *Achilles* Arms,  
Forg'd by the subtile art of him, that fram'd  
*Joves* Thunderbolts, pride of Cyclopians labours,  
He that is meant by his kinde stars, to have  
The happy wearing of them next, may write  
Himself a Champion for the Gods, and Heaven,  
Against a race of Gyants that would scale it:  
I have said, and we with silence now as deep  
As that doth wait on midnight, and as fixt  
As marble Images, expect your pleasure.

*Ajax rises and looks about him.*

*Ajax.* Great *Jove*, immure my heart, or gird  
with  
Some ribs of steel, lest it break through this  
flesh,  
And with a flame contracted from just fury,  
Set fire on all the world: How am I faine?  
How shrunk to nothing? my fame ravish'd from me



That this sly talking Prince is made my Rival  
 In great *Achilles* Armour: Is it day?  
 And can a Cloud darker than night, so muffle  
 Your eyes, they cannot reach the Promontory,  
 Beneath which now the *Græcian* fleet rides safe,  
 Which I so late rescued from *Trojan* flames,  
 When *Hector* frightful, like a Globe of fire,  
 By his example taught the enrag'd youth  
 To brandish lightning; but I cannot talk,  
 Nor knows he how to fight, unless 'till dark  
 With shadows. I confess, his eloquence  
 And tongue are mighty, but *Pelides* sword  
 And armour were not made things to be talk'd  
 on,

But worn and us'd, and when you shall deter-  
 mine

My juster claim, it will be fame enough  
 For him, to boast, he strove with *Ajax Tela-*  
*mon*,

And lost the prize, due onely to my merit.

*Ly.* Now *Didimus*, how goes *Hissus* pulse?  
 Run to his Tent, and fetch him some strong wa-  
 rers.

*Did.* This storm shakes not a leaf, it had been  
 more

Honour for *Ajax Telamon* to have hir'd  
 A Trumpeter, than make this noise himself.

*Ag.* Silence.  
 The Duke proceeds.

*As.* I am asham'd  
 And blush, that I can plead so vast a merit:  
 Why am I not less honourable? a cheaper  
 Portion of worth, weigh'd in the ballance, with

This

This Rival, would so croud, and fill my scale,  
His vertues, like a thin and trembling vapour,  
Would lose themselves i'th ayr, or stick a Comet  
Upon Heavens face, from whence the matter  
Is sent,

It would fall down, the sport, and scorn of Children,

Allow me then less valiant, pinch all  
The Laurels from my brow, that else would grow  
there,

The honour of my birth and blood must lift me  
Above the Competition with *Ulysses*;  
My Father was Duke *Telamon*, a name  
Fatal to *Troy*, companion to *Alcides*,  
Whom in the expedition to *Colchos*,  
*Argo* was proud to bear: his father *Aeacus*,  
Who for his exemplary justice here,  
Was by Eternal Patent from the Gods,  
Made Judge of souls; him *Jupiter* begot  
On fair *Egina*, from whose womb, I write  
My self a third from *Jove*: But let not this  
Enrile me to great *Achilles* arms,  
Without my interest in his blood: Our fathers  
Grew from one royal stem, I am his Kinsman,  
And I demand in this, but just inheritance.  
In what relation of blood can then  
*Ulysses*, of a strange and forfeit race,  
Equal in fraud to his Progenitor,  
Condemn'd to labour at the restless stone,  
Lay claim to *Achilles* Arms?

*Cal.* What, asleep *Thersander*?

*Ther.* No, no, I observe every word, *Ulysses*  
has

Said

Said very well, he was ever a good Orator.

*Cal.* You are mistaken, Sir, 'tis *Ajax* pleads,  
*Ulysses* has not spoke one word.

*Tb.* Wait *Ajax*?

I cry you mercy, it was very handsome,  
And to the purpose in my opinion,  
Who ever said it.

*Ag.* I intreat your silence:

*Tbs.* With all my heart.

*Aja.* It is wonder Princes,  
That this *Dulichyan* King dare bring his face  
Before a Sun-beam, and expose that brand  
Of infamie, the name of Coward, writ  
In Leprous Characters upon his brow,  
To the worlds eye.

*Ul.* How *Telamon*?

*Aja.* *Ulysses*,

'Tis I, that said it, and these Kings may all  
Remember, when most wretchedly, to save  
Those tender limbs of yours, and that warp'd  
face,

When *Greece* rise up, one man to punish *Troy*,  
Thou cowardly didst counterfeit a madness,  
Till *Palamedes* pull'd that vizor off.

Was *Ajax Telamon* at that fardid posture?  
Nay, was not I the first in field, and eager  
To engage my person in these Wars of *Troy*?  
(Witness thou sacred Genius of our Countrey)  
As a curl'd youth could fly to meet a Mistress,  
And print his fervour on her amorous lip:  
But for his valour since, let *Nestor* speak;  
That good old man made not his age excuse,  
Nor his white hairs, that like a Grove of snow,

Shew'd

Shew'd what a Winter dwelt upon his head,  
 But flung himself on War, when in the heat  
 Of Battel, over-charg'd with multitudes,  
 And his horse wounded; he esp'd *Ulysses*,  
 To whom in this distress, he call'd for succour,  
 When he (unworthy of his name and honours)  
 Left the old man to struggle with his dangers,  
 To whom the Gods sent ayd. But here's the  
 justice,

He that dishonourably forsook his friend,  
 Met with an enemy, that made him call  
 As loud for his relief; I heard that clamour,  
 And with my sword cut out my passage to thee,  
 When thou wert quaking at the enemies feet,  
 And ready to exhale thy panting soul,  
 I interposed, bestrid thy coward body,  
 And took thy many deaths upon my Target:  
 I *Ajax* brought thee off (my least of honours)  
 And saved thy wretched life.

*Die.* This *Ajax* did,  
 But being done, the honour's over paid,  
 When he that did the act is Commentator.

*Aja.* If thou couldst call again that time *Ulysses*,  
 The wounds upon thee, and thy fears of death,  
 When thou didst skulk behind my shield, and  
 tremble

At every lightning of a sword, thy soul  
 Would have a less ambition to contest  
 For great *Pelides* Arms.

*Me.* *Ajax* will carry it.

*Aga.* It will  
 Become our prudence to expect, what may  
 Be said in answer to this accusation;

I have heard an Orator, with that subtile method

Of art and language, state his Clients cause,

And with such captivating arguments

prevail'd on every ear, it was concluded,

All law must be in favour of that interest,

But when the adverse part was heard, that which

Appear'd so sacred in the first relation,

Vanish'd, and 'twas the wonder of all men,

By what strange magick they were so deceiv'd:

I speak not this in prejudice of him

That pleads, whom we all know a man made up

Of every masculine vertue, but to stay

(Where two of so much honor are concern'd)

Precipitate, and partial votes of men:

*Ajax* Has more to say.

*Aja.* I know not how, with safety of mine own,

I should direct your judgements to consider,

That after all this story of my self,

I do not seek these arms, nor court the glory

To wear em, for 'tis justice to pronounce

They seek me, *Ajax*, and should prompt you

to

Believe, I onely worthily can wear 'em.

What hath *Ulysses* done, he should be nam'd

With *Telamon*; we have his Chronicle,

He surpriz'd *Rhesus* in his Tent, a great

And goodly act, nay, had the heart to kill him;

He snatch'd a spy up, *Dolon*, and dispatch him

To the other world, a most heroick service!

And had the confidence to filch from *Troy*,

The dead *Palladium*, memorable actions:

Fought he with *Hector*? did he stand immov'd

As

As I, when I receiv'd upon my cask,  
 A mighty Javelin that he dard at me?  
 When you, pale with the wonder of my strength,  
 Forsook your prayers, and gave me from the Gods  
 Into my own protection, and at last  
 I was not overcome, but in the face  
 Of both the Armies, sent this mighty Champion  
 Staggering home to *Troy*.

*Nes.* 'Twas a fierce battel,  
 And *Ajax* lost no honour.

*Aja.* Had I done  
 But this alone, it might be argument  
 To prefer *Ajax Telamon* before  
*Ulysses* to that armour; which I'm thinking  
 How he'll become, or how he dare sustain 'em,  
 Their very weight will crack his chine, that But  
 gorlet

Will bring his neck in danger of a cramp,  
 In pity of his fears, discharge his hope  
 Of so much steel, he has the art of running,  
 'Twill much retard his motion: Are you yet  
 Considering as doubtful to distinguish us?  
 Some God convey those arms upon the wings  
 Of a swift wind into the enemies camp,  
 Guard 'em with all the strength and soul of *Troy*,  
 Let every sword mount death upon the point,  
 And leave us to our single fate, who soonest  
 Should fetch 'em off: Then you should tell your  
 selves,

How much this Carpet Prince came short of  
*Ajax*,

I had rather fight than talk: Now here him rattle.

*Soul.* An *Ajax*, an *Ajax*.

*Ulys.*

*Ulys.* If my prayers, with your own, renou'd  
Kings,

Could have prevail'd with Heaven, there had been  
no

Contention for these arms, he might have liv'd

To have enjoy'd them still, and we *Achilles*.

But since by the unkindness of our fate,

We are decreed to want him (pardon me

If at that word, unmanly tears break forth)

Who can with greater merit claim the armour,

Than he whose piety to *Greece* and you,

Engag'd alone his valour to these Wars,

And made him yours. Nor let it be a sin

Ere I proceed, to pray this justice from you,

That since my adversary hath been pleas'd

To make a virtue my reproach, and stain

The name of Eloquence, which in me, is not  
worth

Your envy, or his rage (since he declares

His incapacity for more than fighting)

You will not judge his dulness an advantage,

Or that which he calls eloquence in me,

A blemish to my cause, who have employ'd

All that the Gods made mine, to serve my Coun-  
treys.

*Dio. Thersander,*

Are you not asham'd to sleep?

*Ther.* Ha? no, I sleep?

I have not scap'd a syllable by my honour,

I thought not *Ajax* half so good an Orator.

*Dio. Ajax?* it was *Ulysses* that spoke last.

*Ther. Ulysses?* I, I meant *Ulysses*; did I say

*Ajax?*

I

Between

*Ulys.*

Between you and I be it spoken *Diomedes*,  
*Ajax* is a blockhead.

*Dio.* Yet he spoke to purpose.

*Ther.* I grant you that; nay, nay, let him  
 alone.

*Aga.* Silence.

*Ulys.* The lustre of our birth by *Ajax* boasted,  
 Which we derive not from our act, or vertue,  
 We vainly call our own, nature contributes  
 A common gloss to all our blood, the honours  
 And swelling titles, pinn'd upon our name,  
 Chance often stamps upon a Fool or Coward:  
 But if provok'd by *Ajax*, I must yield  
 Him magnified by blood; that title which  
 He takes from *Jove*, makes me his Grandchild  
 too,

*Laertes* was my father, his *Arcefus*,  
 Whom *Jupiter* begot, no difference here,  
 But that our Family contain'd no Uncle  
 Banish'd for murder, as in *Telamons*.  
 Besides, my mother but remembred, makes  
 My derivation on both sides Divine,  
 Which lifts me above *Ajax*, if I were  
 No King of *Ithaca*: but he hath pleaded  
 A nearer priviledge by being Kinsman,  
 And calls these arms his just inheritance,  
 Your wisdom could not chuse but smile to hear  
 him,

*Pirrhous* his son is yet alive, and *Peleus*,  
*Achilles* father, *Tencer* his next Cofin;  
 And *Ajax* to be heir, is worth your wonder;  
 But you know how to wvave impertinence  
 Of blood or kindred in this cause, nor shall



I need to pray your justice, that vve both  
May onely charge the ballance vvith our merits,

*Dis.* This is not ranting, he is Master of  
A vvorthy temper.

*Ag.* Give him your permissions.

*Ulys.* *Ajax* hath read, not vvithout mighty lungs,  
His own bold Historie, when I shall tell  
But my first act for *Troy*, if it be less  
Than all that *Ajan* yet hath done, or boasted,  
And vvith his own consent too, I quit all :  
I have rais'd your expectations up to wonder,  
And there I'll fix it, when I name *Achilles*,  
Whose actions for your service, scorning all  
Equality, are owing to *Ulysses* ;  
And I may call them mine, that made him yours,  
By his sword fell the great *Priamides*

*Hector*, whose single arm carried the strength  
And fate of *Ilium* : The death alone  
Of *Hector*, is an act, if well consider'd,  
Doth easily exceed, what hath been done  
In all your Grecian Commentaries : I arm'd  
*Achilles* first to do these mighty things,  
And for those may deserve *Achilles* armour.

*Dis.* VVe must acknowledge all the benefits  
Of great *Achilles* valour are a debt  
VVe owe to *Ulysses*, who discovered him  
Under a Female habit, 'twas *Ulysses*  
That made him man again, and our great Cham-  
pion.

*Mr.* All this is granted, yet I think *Ulysses*  
Lost little blood in any of these services ;  
VWhat do you think *Thersander* ?

*Ther.* I think as the General thinks, he's wife enough.

*Ulys.* But give me leave to offer to your memory

Another service, and reduce your thoughts  
To *Aulis*, when our Army ship'd, and big  
VVith our desires for *Troy*, for want of wind  
VVere lock'd in the *Eubean* Bay at *Anchor*.  
VVhen the Oracle consulted, gave no hope  
Of the least breath of Heaven, or gentle gale  
To be expected, till *Diana's* anger  
VVere first appeas'd by *Iphigenia's* blood;  
I melt with the remembrance, and I could  
Accuse my faith, but that the publique interest  
And all your honours, arm'd me to perswade  
Nature, against the stream of her own happiness,

There stands the tear---drown'd father *Agamemnon*,

Ask his vex'd soul (and let me beg his pardon)  
How I did work upon his murmuring heart,  
Divided 'twixt a Father and his Countrey,  
To give his childe up to the bleeding altar?  
VVhose drops (too precious to enrich the earth,  
The Goddess hid within a cloud) drank up,  
And snatcht her soul; whose brighter substance  
made

One of the fairest Stars that deck yon Canopie,  
Had *Ajax* been employed to have wrought

*trides*  
VVhen he vvvas angry vvith the Gods, to have  
given  
His onely pledge, his loved *Iphigenia*

Up to the Fatal knife, our Grecian fleet,  
 Had by this time been rotten in the Bay,  
 And we by a dishonourable return,  
 Been wounded in our fames to after ages.

Ag. This truth is urg'd too home.

Ul. The Deiry appeas'd with Virgin Sacrifice,  
 The winds put on fresh wings, and we arriv'd  
 Swift as our wishes to affrighted *Troy*;  
 Where after their first battel, they no more  
 Drevv forth rheir Army, vvhich engag'd us to  
 Nine horrid VVinters expectation:  
 It would be tedious to relate, how active  
 My counsels were, during this nine years siege,  
 When *Ajax* (onely good at knocks and vvest-

ling)  
 Was of no use, the bold designs I carried,  
 My care of our defences and approaches,  
 Encouraging the Souldier, wearied  
 And worn away with empty expectations,  
 How I did apt provisions, arms, and hearts  
 To fight vvirhal, I shall not here inforce,  
 When you vvhose just commands I still obey'd,  
 Are conscious of my pious undertakings.

Aja. He'l talk eternally.

Ul. These actions have deserv'd no brand of  
 Coward,

How it may stain his forehead that accus'd me,  
 Judge you, by the short following story, Princes:

There was a time, when *Agamemnon* was

Deluded by a dream, and bid to leave

The siege, vvhich coming to the Souldiers ear,  
 (Vvhose fears were helpt by superstition)

How did they run to th ship from every quarter:

VVhere

VWhere vvas the torrent of great *Ajax* valour  
 So talk'd of, that did bear all things before it ?  
 VWhy, it vvas here, that torrent carried him too ;  
 I savv and blush'd at *Ajax* preparation  
 To be aboard, (I will not call it running)  
 Howv did I, careless of all danger, throw  
 My self among the Mutineers, and court  
 The Fugitives to face about agan,  
 And build themselves a name, and wealth in  
*Troy,*

Given over by the Gods to be their captive ?  
 What acted *Telamon*, but unworthy fears,  
 And rather coward them by his retreat,  
 Than teach them honour by his own example.

*Aja.* Can *Jove* hear this ? ha !

*Ag.* Look to *Ajax*.

*Nes.* Contain yourself.

*Aja.* Let me fight him here,

Or you are all confederates in my infamy.

*Nes.* For my sake.

*Aja.* I am patient--

*U.* Not am I without wounds, and crimson characters,

Which as her ornament, my bosom carries,  
 Greater than *Telamon* can boast, although  
 He fought with *Hector*, which was but his Fortune,

And might have been the lot of *Agamemnon*,  
 Of *Menelaus*, *Diomed*, my self,  
 And others, who had equally engag'd,  
 And opely chance prefer'd him to the combare :  
 But let me not be thought to take from *Ajax*  
 His just reward of fortitude, I grant

He did repress the fury of the *Trojans*,  
When they came arm'd in fires against our Na-  
vy,

But 'twas nor single valour, that repulst  
The numerous enemy. *Patroclus* had  
The armour of *Achilles* on that day,  
VVhich struck a terrour in the *Phrygian* cou-  
rages,

in And many Princes swords contributed,  
Mine was not idle, and I merit some  
Proportion of fame for that days victory ;  
But if it come with murmuring, defer it,  
And make it up in your accounts of honour  
Due, for the great *Palladium*, which I fetch'd  
(Assisted by the valiant *Diomedes*)  
Out of the heart of *Troy*, spight of the Groves  
Of Spears, that grew a bright defence about it,  
And Swords,] whose every motion darted light-  
ning

ha- To guard the fatal Image ; in this act  
I gave you *Troy*, till this was ravish'd from 'em,  
It was not in your fate to make a conquest,  
*Ajax* and all the Army might have fought  
Against the Moon, with as much hope of Victo-  
ry.

or- *Dio.* This must be granted him a signal Ser-  
vice,

I can attest the danger of this action.

*Ul.* I blush, I am compell'd to mention these,  
But where my honour is traduc'd, 'tis just  
To make my fairest vindication :  
The wealth of *Greece* should not have brib'd me  
to

This

This Contestation ; but *Achilles* armour  
 Would strike ambitious thoughts into a Her-  
 mite,

Nor will my limbes much tremble to sustaine  
 'em

I had the honour at his death, to carry  
 His body with all that weight of arms upon it,  
 And plac'd him in his Tent, although I want  
 Some bulk of *Ajax*, I can walk, and fight,  
 And tell him where he fails, and mark him out  
 A truer path to Glory, than his strength  
 Is able to persue, with no more brains  
 To guide him, than his empty pannier carries :  
 Wisemen joyn policy with force, the Lyon  
 Thus, with the Fox, makes up the Souldiers em-  
 blem.

And now I look on *Ajax Telamon*,  
 I may compare him to some specious building,  
 His body holds vast rooms of entertainment,  
 And lower parts maintain the Offices,  
 Onely the Garret, his exalted head,  
 Useless for wise receipt, is fill'd with lumber,  
 A Mastiff dares attempt to combate Lyons,  
 And I'll finde men among your Mercenaries  
 Shall fly on Hydra's, if you name that valour :  
 But he, that we call valiant indeed,  
 Knows how, and when to fight, as well as bleed.

*A great shout within,*

*Sol. Ulysses, Ulysses.*

*Agamemnon*

*Ag.* Please you withdraw your persons for some minutes,

*Aja.* Is't come to this.

*Ul.* I obey.

*Aja.* I scorn to court

Such staggering opinions, and repent

That I once thought you fit to be my Judges.

*Ex.*

*Ther.* For my part, with pardon of the General,

My voyce shall be to please them both.

*Ag.* Impossible.

*Ther.* Divide the armour, and compose the difference;

Or give *Ulysses*, 'cause he has the better

Head-piece, *Achilles* Helmet; and to *Ajax*,

Those parts that guard the body.

*Dio.* I am for

*Ulysses*.

*Ne.* He shall have my vote.

*Me.* And mine.

*Ag.* Your judgements meet with *Agamemnon's*,

Let the Prince of *Ithaca* return,

*Enter*

*Enter Ulysses.*

*Aga.* Sir I congratulate your fate, you have  
With the concurrence of our votes, deserv'd  
To be the second owner of these arms;  
Which as the first reward of all your service,  
I in their names present: Nor are these Tro-  
phies  
More than an earnest, and a glimpse, of those  
Eternal Monuments shall Crown your VVif-  
dom;

*VVhere's Ajax Telamon?*

*Off.* Transported hence with fury.

*Ulyss.* You have honour'd your *Ulysses*, and I  
now  
Must call these things my blessing, and your  
bounty.

*Aga.* Bear them in Triumph to his Tent, and  
say,  
VVisdom, not down-right Valour wins the  
day;

Better is wise *Ulysses* in the field,  
Than the great Master of the seven-fold Shield.

*Exeunt*

*Didimus*



*Didimus, Lyfippus.*

*Did.* I think *Lyfippus*, we may now be friends,  
For though you had a minde to quarrel when  
The victory was doubtful, I am not  
The more exalted for my Masters triumph,  
His wit is none of mine; I honour *Ajax*  
In his own arms; for I have seen him do  
Brave things.

*Ly.* Thy hand, I love thee *Didimus*,  
And I will love *Ulysses* for thy sake too.

*Did.* But how does thy Lord *Ajax* take the busi-  
ness?

*Ly.* He's mad, and rails at heaven and earth, I  
dare not  
Come neer him—Whose this, *Polybrontes*?

*Enter Polybrontes.*

Let us forget all differences. and make  
Some sport with him---*Polybrontes*,  
I am proud to see your military face.

*Did.* My Magazine of Valour, I do honour  
you,  
From that exalted tuft upon your Skonce,  
To the cold iron Star upon your heel, how  
is't?

*Ly.*

*Ly.* How is't my Low, and Mighty Poly-  
*brontes*?

*Pol.* Tir'd out with killing of the Creature,  
Wilde Beasts, and Men, will come into my  
way;

Some, I look dead, others I take the pains  
To cut or quarter, as they move my fury,  
The hate of *Juno* is entail'd upon  
Our generation I think.

*Did.* How, *Juno*? I pray what kin are you to  
*Hercules*?

*Pol.* I am his son, son to the *Theban Her-*  
*cules*

That did the mighty Labours; we number twelve.  
I have been told too, I am very like him;  
There were fifty of us in one night begotten.

*Did.* You are not, Sir, so big bon'd as *Her-*  
*cules* altogether.

*Pol.* Hang bones, and flesh, and blood,  
It is the soul that's tall, a Gyants spirit.

*Ly.* Not in that body,  
A soul can hardly stand upright in't.

*Pol.* 'Tis the more dangerous, being confin'd, and  
must  
Break out like lightning.

*Did.* What's that upon your hat?

*Pol.* My case of Tooth-picks.

*Ly.* How, 'tis a Lyons paw.

*Pol.* A Legacy my father left me, part  
Of that *Nemean* Lyon, that he kill'd,  
Whose skin he us'd to wear, which since these  
Wars

Turn'd into a Knapfack, and it carries  
A charm against all venemous Beasts, come near  
it,

*Did.* Vermine he means :

VVhat kinde of belt is this ?

*Pol.* This was a Serpent, which at *Aulis* was  
Observ'd to climbe up to the Sparrows nest,  
VVhere having swallowed nine, *Calchas* pre-  
sag'd,

VVe should be nine years at the Siege of *Troy*,  
And in the tenth be Conquerors, this I kill'd  
VVith a Flint stone, as it came hissing toward  
me,

It had ten row of iron teeth.

*Did.* VVhere are they ?

*Pol.* All beaten out with that stone I threw at  
her.

*Did.* Nothing escapes you then :

But good Sir favour us, to let us know  
How many men have fallen by your sword  
During our siege, I know you keep a Cara-  
logue.

*Pol.* Not of all,

I onely register within my Diary,  
The men of honour that I kill, the rest  
I leave to the common bills of Mortality.

*Ly.* The men of honour, I pray, Sir.

*Pol.* They rise to—

700 in my roll.

*Did.* VVith your own hand ?

*Pol.* Ten Princes, beside two of *Priams* sons.

*Paris* and *Hector*,

*Ly.*

*Ly.* *Paris* is alive.

*Pol.* Not that *Paris* I kill'd upon my honour.

*Did.* And all the Army knowes, *Achilles*  
with

His Mirmidons flew *Hector*.

*Pol.* From me tell *Achilles*

'Tis false.

*Ly.* He's dead too.

*Pol.* 'Tis well he is so, he that steals my fame,  
Must not be long i'th number of the living.

*Did.* You are

The little wonder of the world, you had  
Done your self right, to have put in with *Ulysses*  
And *Ajax*, for the armour.

*Ly.* Had he stood,

There had been no Competitor, *Ulysses*  
Had this day mist his triumph.

*Pol.* Had *Ulysses*

The armour then?

*Enter Ajax*

*Ly.* Given by all Judges.

*Pol.* I believe

The man is so modest, at mention  
Of me, would have recanted his ambition;  
Do not I know *Ulysses*? yes, and *Ajax*.

*Aja.* Ha!

*Pol.* And all the swelling flies that blow the Army To  
I'll tell that *Ajax*, when I see him next,  
That I dare fight?

*Aja.* With whom Sir, dare you fight?

*Pol.* With any man that shall affront you, Sir,  
Re

Renowned *Ajax*, my soul falls to crums  
That day, I do not honour your remembrance,  
*Ulysses* is a Juggler, I do wonder  
At's impudence, to stand in competition  
VVith him, that is the man of men, brave *Tela-*  
*mon* :

Shall I carry him a challenge ; prethee let me,  
I long to thunder him.

*Aja*. Stay Wesel !

*Pol*. Or to *Agamemnon*, or the best of them.

VVould I were in my knapsack nibbling cheese  
now.

*Aja*. I say the word, be dead.

*[Ajax strikes him.]*

*Pol*. My brains, my brains !

Ah my own sweet brains ; who wants any brains ?

*Aja*, Art thou not dead ?

*Pol*. Oh yes Sir, I am dead,  
Give my Ghost leave to walk a little.

*Aja*. Come back, your name ?

*Pol*. Ah, when I was alive, the Souldiers call'd me—

*Aja*. *Agamemnon*.

*Pol*. I shall be brain'd in earnest !

*Aja*. VVhen thou hast past the *Stygian* Lake, com-  
mend me

*Army* To *Eacus*, one of the Infernal Judges.

*Pol*. I will Sir, I am acquainted with his Clark.

*Aja*. And when I have made my revenge perfect,  
I'll visit him my self.

*Pol*. I'll bring you an answer too.

*Aja*.

Sir,  
Re

*Aja.* Do so,

*Pol.* I were best to make haste, Sir, *Charon* stays for me,

And I shall lose my tide.

*Aja.* Then vanish.

*Pol.* *Presto.*

*Exit.*

*Aja.* There's one dispatch'd, he's company for Ghosts,

I know whose fate is next, and then I leap

To immortality: what cloud is that

Descends so big with prodigy, my steel

Shall give the Monster birth, ha'tis *Ulysses*,

Come to affront me in *Achilles* armour:

*Enter Calchas.*

A thousand serpents creep within my skull:

I'll finde the Cowards soul through all this darkness,

Have at thee Politician, dost thou bleed?

Now I have met we'e, thanks to my good sword,

I kiss thy cold lips, for this brave revenge,

Thou art my own, without competitor,

And must be my last refuge and companion.

*Cal.* Alas poor *Telamon*!

*Aja.* VVho calls *Telamon*?

*Cal.* One you have known and lov'd; can you forget

*Calchas* so soon?

*Aja.* Our *Grecian* Prophet, you are very welcome, VVhat news from the upper VVorld? do they agree In heaven? we are all to pieces.

*Cal.* I am trusted

VVith

VVith a direction to you, the sacred powers  
You serve---

*Aja*, Speak on, but let me tell you as a friend,  
They have not us'd me kindly, but no matter,  
I'll be my own revenger.

*Cal*. Sir, take heed  
How you provoke their anger, or contempt  
Their Precepts, for the partial acts of men,  
They know, and pity that a man so valiant,  
Should for a trifle lose his manly temper:  
You are not, Sir, forgotten by the Gods  
And I am sent, their Prophet to acquaint you,  
That what you lost alive by humane Judges,  
Their divine Justice shall restore with honour  
To your calm dust; for know, those very arms  
In which *Ulysses* triumphs now, shall be  
Marcht from him by a tempest, and shall land  
A floating treasure upon *Ajax* Tomb,  
And by their stay convince the future age,  
Who best deserv'd e'm; be not then unman'd,  
And thus deface the beauties of your reason.

*Aja*. I thank 'em, they are pleas'd, when I am  
dead

To make a restitution to my fame,  
And send me home the armour, this is something,  
You'll make my self in a capacity  
By death to be an object of their justice,  
I'll dye immediately, I can do't my self.

*Cal*. Your Piety avert so black a deed!  
This is a way to make the world suspect  
The worth of all your former actions,  
And that they were not births Legitimate,

Born from true honour, but the spurious issue  
 Of an unguided hear, or chance : How shall  
 VVe think, that man is truly valiant,  
 And fit to be engag'd in things of fright  
 And danger, that wants courage to sustain  
 An injury ? it shews a fear of others;  
 To be reveng'd upon our selves, and he  
 Is not so much a Coward that flies death,  
 As he that suffers, and doth fear to live :  
 Besides, this will enlarge your enemies triumph,  
 And in the world opinions, be granted  
 A tame concession to his worth ; nay men,  
 And with much face of reason, may affirm,  
*Ulysses* did not onely win the arms,  
 But conquered *Ajax*.

*Aja*. Therefore I will dye  
 With my own hand, and save that infamy ;  
 I am resolved, all fate shall not prevent it :  
 Leave me :

*Cal*. I must not.

*A. a*. I am not confin'd  
 To place, thy office yet is thy protection,  
 Do not presume to follow, lest my rage  
 Make me forget your person, and by sad  
 Mistake, I turn the Priest into a Sacrifice :  
 Go tell the world I am dead, and make it known,  
 That *Ajax* fell by no hand but his own.

*Cal*. This will turn all our Triumph into mourning,

*Exeunt*

*Calisto*



Calchas before the body of Ajax, supported by six Princes, Agamemnon, Diomedes, Menelaus, Therfander, Nestor, Ulysses, following the Hearse, as going to the Temple.

Ca. The glories of our blood and State,  
are shadows, not substantial things,  
There is no armour against fate,  
Death lays his icy hand on Kings,  
Scepter and Crown,  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made,  
With the poor crooked sith and spade.

K 2

Some

Some men with Swords may reap the field,  
 and plant fresh laurels where they kill,  
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,  
 They tame but one another still;  
     Early or late,  
     They stoop to fate,  
 And must give up their murmuring breath,  
 When they pale Captives creep to death.

The Garlands wither on your brow,  
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,  
 Upon Deaths purple Altar now,  
 See where the Victor-victim bleeds,  
     Your heads must come,  
     To the cold Tomb;  
 Onely the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

[This was afterwards sung in parts, the Musick excellently  
 composed by Mr. Ed. Coleman.]

Ag. Set forward to the Temple, this was once  
A day of Triumph, but the death of Ajax  
Will make it dark within our Calendar;  
Joys are obtrusive, or not born to last,  
And our bright days are quickly overcast.

Exeunt.

---

**F I N I S!**

Some men with Swords may reap the field,  
 and plant fresh laurels where they kill,  
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,  
 They tame but one another still;  
     Early or late,  
     They stoop to fate,  
 And must give up their murmuring breath,  
 When they pale Captives creep to death.

The Garlands wither on your brow,  
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,  
 Upon Deaths purple Altar now,  
 See where the Victor-victim bleeds,  
     Your heads must come,  
     To the cold Tomb;  
 Onely the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

[This was afterwards sung in parts, the Musick excellently  
 composed by Mr. Ed. Coleman.]

*Ag.* Set forward to the Temple, this was once  
A day of Triumph, but the death of *Ajax*  
Will make it dark within our Calendar;  
Joys are obtrusive, or not born to last,  
And our bright days are quickly overcast,

*Exeunt.*

---

**F I N I S!**